

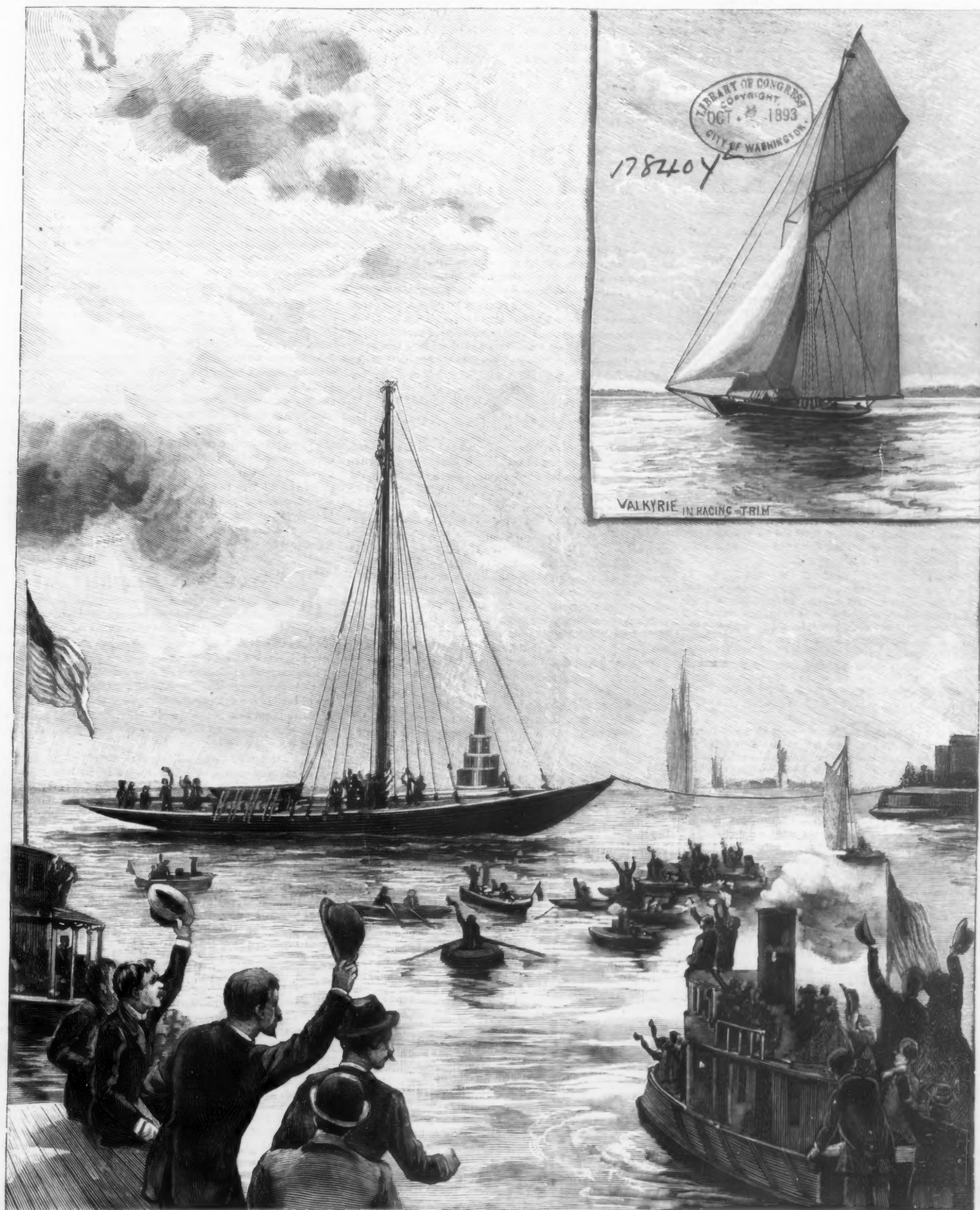
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

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## PETER FENELON COLLIER.

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Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

The Indian Land Adjustment League, William Lloyd Garrison, president, has issued an address to the American people protesting against the "rush" method of disposing of the public lands.

A SUIT is being prepared against the Sugar Trust in the State of Pennsylvania. It will be ready some time next month. The important question at that time will be: Does the suit fit? The anti-Trust Law is plain; but can it reach the Sugar Trust?

THE great draw span of the new bridge across the Missouri River at Omaha, the biggest and heaviest in the world, was swung September 14. It weighs 1,390 tons, and is 320 feet long and 100 feet high. Trains will be crossing the bridge by November 1. The Union Pacific bridge at the same place will now divide patronage with the new-comer. Pushing, hustling Omaha and Council Bluffs and their tributary railroads can use them both.

THE Netherlands-American Steamship Company is charged with coaching steerage passengers so that two hundred and fifty Bohemians and Slavs gave ready answers to all questions. The officials of the company admit that their boarding officer, Henry Schleissner, told a passenger that if he said he came under contract he would be sent back. The case has been referred to Washington. By the way, does any sane man doubt that this coaching is done right along?

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY CHARLES FOSTER of Fostoria, O., whose failure was recently announced, has total liabilities \$1,081,671.92, assets, \$969,342.19. Friends claim that the assets are appraised 25 to 50 per cent. too low. We hope this is true. The Hon. Charles Foster has been one of the leading builders of the Buckeye State during the industrial period since the Civil War. He has also been a singularly efficient and faithful public servant as Governor, Congressman and Cabinet Minister. No right-minded American can have any but feelings of gratification at the prospect of his financial rehabilitation.

DISASTER has followed disaster on railroads in this Columbian year. The somewhat appalling conclusion from them all is, that we have not harnessed the monster of the rail yet, though it is of our own making. All we can hope for is, that new and improved methods of signaling, more efficient drilling of railroad employees and better means of ascertaining that engineers and trainmen are at given times physically and mentally fit to take human lives into their keeping, may decrease the chances of disaster from year to year. And after all this, we must still take a few chances. The "Kuh on the track" is still there.

By the will of the late Hamilton Fish, Columbia College, New York, is fifty thousand dollars richer; St. Luke's Hospital five thousand and the Bellevue Training School for Nurses two thousand. The residue of the estate, the value of which is not disclosed by the will, is to be divided into seven equal shares for the six children of deceased and for a trust fund for the children of Mr. Fish's dead daughter, Edith Livingston Northcote, who was the wife of Hugh Oliver Northcote of England. The testator expresses the hope that his children will do nothing to disturb the peace and harmony of the family. This is but the parting-hour echo of Mr. Fish's home life, which was always one of sunshine and happy comfort to himself and his children. There can be no doubt that the great statesman's testamentary hope will be fulfilled.

THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED Baltimore pensioners have petitioned Washington to revoke the order requiring each pensioner to appear in person at the post-office to receive his check. It is alleged that many of the pensioners are ill and unable to stand the strain of two or three days' waiting around the corridors; that they are sometimes subjected to gross indignities and paraded before the public as alms-seekers. The coward who would reflect upon the pensioner as a public beggar is beneath contempt; but it might be advisable to go slow with the change asked for in Baltimore. It must be borne in mind that the mental and physical infirmities of many pension-

ers make them ready prey for designing men who like to handle their checks. Whatever change is made, let the pensioners alone have absolute control over the checks. They earned them.

## FINANCE AND THE TARIFF.

IS there any connection between these two subjects, as they present themselves to us at the present time? We believe there is a vital connection between them, and the indulgence of the unprejudiced reader is asked while we proceed to show some of the details of that connection. Both subjects are dry and hackneyed, but in their mutual relations they may perhaps be found of living and pressing interest.

Let us confine ourselves, at first, to the gold monetary standard and a tariff for revenue only. How will they work together? It is well known that the highest tariff will not produce, nor even tend to produce, the greatest amount of revenue. In order that Custom House receipts may be great, imports must be on a large scale. The greater our imports, the more likely will it be that the balance of trade will be against us. Gold will tend constantly to go out of the country. So that it is a supposable case that we might provide for the wants of the Government economically administered exclusively out of the duty on imports, and at the same time reduce ourselves to a very low standing as a commercial and manufacturing country. A tariff for revenue only and the gold monetary standard would not work well together on this view of the case. Other nations would certainly grow rich at our expense.

Let us try a tariff for revenue only and bimetalism, or the recognition of the silver dollar as it is in our coinage now, on a ratio of sixteen to one compared with gold. The purchasing power of this dollar is less than that of the monometallic or gold standard dollar would be. Prices of commodities here would rise higher under bimetalism than under monometalism or under the gold standard—which is practically the same thing if we disregard the hair-splittings of theorists. A tariff for revenue only—with foreign commodities so much cheaper under the gold standard abroad—would drive our domestic products out of our own home markets, on the theory that the cheapest products will drive out the dearest; but we would have to buy our imports with gold. And this would soon drive us to the gold standard. Our governmental expenses would be paid by ourselves, too, and not by the importer or the foreign shipper.

Let us try a protective tariff and the gold standard. The purchasing power of a dollar would be greater than at present. The ad valorem and specific duties would, and might safely, be reduced, and still afford protection to home industries. Less dollars would be paid for American labor, and the cost of living would be less in dollars. We will admit, for the sake of argument and to simplify the discussion, that the American dollar would have grown so much more valuable that the revenue of the Government, the wages of labor and the protection to American industries would be as efficient as ever, or as they are now. The one significant and undeniable fact remains, nevertheless: Money would have grown more scarce. New and undeveloped American industries would find gold more and more difficult to obtain for working capital. It would have to come from the money-lenders—the accumulated gold of centuries of European traffic. High-priced manufacturing plants now in operation here would find it more difficult to get out of debt. The markets of the world would pay out dear money for American products in sums so small that American middle-class and common laboring-class living, home comforts (extravagances, if you will), would soon be on a level with European parsimony. And all this time the alleged "high-class" European goods, styles and customs would be affected by the American strictly moneyed class. Would American manufactures ever reach a really high plane of excellence under this system? American manufacturers exclusively and not the workmen alone, nor at all, will need protection against the dear money and the fastidious money-lenders, who have bagfuls of world's money. Is it not true?

Lastly, let us examine a protective tariff and bimetalism, exactly as we have the latter now, ratio sixteen to one. They have worked together fairly well for a quarter of a century. But recently we have had a "panic." Let us face the facts: Europe will none of our silver. A *novus ordo seclorum* is upon us, financially. Things, especially dollars, are not as they used to be. The estate and income gentry of Europe think they must have the gold dollar in the end of the century. Silver has grown too common. *ONCE A WEEK* has given this view of the case already. We have now to examine the connection between bimetalism and the protective tariff. Well, under bimetalism, as we have it now—even now, gentle reader, when our silver dollar is said to be outlawed in European and Wall Street palaces—prices of everything, including labor rule higher than they would under the gold standard. Under a protective tariff, its enemies aver, prices of commodities rule high—artificially high, it is charged. The protectionists have tried to prove that prices of commodities have ruled lower. Let us accept the allegation of the anti-protectionist. Under bimetalism

and protection, then, prices of commodities rule higher, in dollars—no matter about the dollars' value, now, so we get enough of them. We are all after them, even Europe and Wall Street. Try them. Is not that a clinching argument? Try them.

The conclusion is: Tariff for revenue only and the gold standard will tend to reduce us to a low plane as a manufacturing and commercial nation. In connection with bimetalism a tariff for revenue only will not help us any, will drive our products out of our own home markets, will drive us very speedily to the gold standard, and will leave us after all to furnish our own revenue for the support of the Government economically administered. A protective tariff and the gold standard will drive our new and struggling manufacturers to the wall. Our twin "artificialities," the two great "frauds" of the New World, bimetalism and a protective tariff, must stand or fall together. They are all after those terrible twins and us. But they are also after our bimetallic dollar—the white silver dollar, mark you—and they are after our great protected industries. They buy their stocks and bonds and are even now drawing their dividends. The alleged "panic" was, is and has been a blooming—and now, fortunately, a blasted, exploded—"no such thing." It was "made," like the horse-fakir's thoroughbred, that could go a mile in spite of its infirmities.

Yes, the "panic" was made. We have idle men, it is true, made idle by the scare. If it was not a scare, why is business reviving? The purse-strings were tightened, but they cannot stay tied up. Money must earn something, like the rest of us. Why should we not have idle men? Every outgoing steamer last winter and spring took away gold; every incoming steamer brought us victims of the Old World estate and income system to make homes for. Now, many of the more self-respecting immigrants have gone back to spend their money, earned here, "at home."

We speak in this article for our own country—we have no other. She is a generous, new, man-loving country. The world would be a dreary place without the American Union. We are not obliged to adopt the gold standard. We can support our own Government without that tariff for revenue only. We may be in debt; but not much. We can pay it. Our present condition is all right if we are let alone. The "scare" and the "panic" are over. Let us get to work. Let us stay where we are. It required the blood of good men to put us here. The scare has not hurt.

Let us keep down our imports and the monetary standard will take care of itself. We must take care of ourselves and of the opportunities bountiful Nature has given us in soil, climate, forest, stream, mine and sea-coast—and let us not neglect the schoolhouse. We have the New World yet before us. Our created wealth is better than any world's money. The present is all right, and the future is ours. Gold cannot buy it from us, nor for us.

## ABOUT THE MINORITY.

THE minority in the United States Senate, it is alleged, are defeating the will of the majority by delaying action on the repeal of the Sherman Law. The *New York World* warns the Senate that, in allowing this, it is establishing a dangerous precedent which "commits all legislation and every reform to the mercy of the minority." Our esteemed contemporary should calm itself by recalling the fact that the Federal Constitution and the State Constitutions modeled upon it give this power to the minority in certain contingencies.

For example: Suppose the Sherman Law to be unconditionally repealed. The majority in both House and Senate then proceed to enact a measure recognizing the bimetallic theory. Even the *World* has repeatedly intimated that this will be done, after confidence is restored by the repeal of the Sherman Law. But can the majority in House and Senate enact such a measure? A one-third minority in either House or Senate, plus one vote, and backed by the President's veto, can prevent it. Perhaps this is why the Senate is obstructing. The obstructing Senators are promised bimetallic legislation afterward. Why not have it now, instead of taking that "leap in the dark," which Senator GEORGE and *ONCE A WEEK* are opposed to?

## HOW PARTISANISM SLEPT.

MUCH has been said recently, by leaders and organs of the two great political parties, to enforce the truth that not partisanship, but patriotism, should rule Congress in the extraordinary session. A widely diffused and quite refreshing and invigorating air of non-partisanship is supposed to have pervaded Congress and the party newspapers up to within a few days. Our readers know the rest. The Democratic House threatened to repeal the Federal Election Laws, and all at once Republican leaders threatened to oppose and block the repeal of the Sherman Law. They have both refused, like quarrelsome boys, to play any longer.

Now, as the two great parties have ceased to keep up the pretense of non-partisanship, it is high time to tell the truth on them both. A panic is not always a good time to tell the whole truth; but the late "panic"



is over now, and no harm can result—perhaps much good.

Partisans in favor of a high protective tariff did as little business as possible on the ground that they feared the Democrats were going to radically change the tariff. Partisan bankers, aiming to totally demote silver and thus make money dear, whispered in Democratic ears: "Now is your chance; it is the Sherman Law, Republican legislation, that is doing all the harm. It is not the prospect of tariff reform. Repeal the Sherman Law. Stop buying silver." Well, the extra session was called. The Republicans would not stand idly by and see the Democrats get ahead of them on the right side of the bankers. They would help the Democrats—out of pure patriotism—to repeal even a Republican measure. They did so in the House. The Wilson Bill was passed there.

But the repeal measure was and is hung up in the Senate. The Democrats of the House were through with it. They had done their share to restore confidence. Not having anything particularly urgent just then, they forced to the front the Force Bill issue. They would repeal the Federal Election Laws. The New York Tribune comes at this with double leads. Halt! it says. The Republican caucus meets and very broadly intimates that the Democrats can just go to—work and do all their own repealing, without any more Republican votes. The Sherman Law is not likely to be repealed this week.

The chief point to be noted is, that in all this there is such a notable and all-pervading spirit of non-partisanship.

### A TERRIBLE LESSON.

AT Roanoke, Va., ROBERT SMITH, a negro, brutally assaulted and nearly killed Mrs. HENRY BISHOP. Detective BALDWIN arrested him, and, forcing his way through the crowd which had gathered, soon landed his prisoner behind the bars. The mob gathered and became more threatening, when Mayor TROUT called the Roanoke Light Infantry to guard the jail. About 8 P.M. some one in the crowd fired, wounding Mayor TROUT in the foot. The militia returned the fire, killing nine and wounding twenty or more. In the excitement the negro was taken from the jail and secreted; but afterward was lynched by the mob. For two days the city was in the hands of the lynchers; members of the militia fled, and the Mayor thought it best for a time to retire to Lynchburg. Mayor TROUT and the Chief of Police express no regret at what they have done, claiming it was their plain duty to uphold the law, no matter what the consequences.

Every good citizen, while deploring the loss of nine lives, cannot but take this same view. It is true the life of that negro fiend was not worth the sacrifice of nine lives; but this distinction must be made: it was law and order that was attacked by the mob, it was not the negro. The man who fired the shot from the crowd was the cause of the tragedy. When such crimes as SMITH's are committed, then is the special occasion when all law-abiding citizen should practice that forbearance and self-control that are the chief characteristics of the civilized State. The Roanoke killing is singularly unfortunate; but mob law is becoming too common in this country, and a setback was needed, even at such a price. It is characteristic of such mobs, too, that there is always some one present, like the man who fired that first shot, who precipitates a tragedy and then takes to his heels, like the coward that he is.

WHILE assenting in private to the National Liberal Federation's recent manifesto against the Lords, Mr. Gladstone informed the Executive Committee two weeks ago that he intended to confine his action to the measures for disestablishment, "one man, one vote" and the better regulation of the relations between landlords and tenants in London. In Ministerial circles, therefore, no especially hostile reference to the Lords is expected from Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh, although the whole statement of his policy will be directed against them. The Liberal campaign against the peers will open in earnest at the next Congress of the National Liberal Federation. This Congress will adopt, as a permanent plank in the party platform, a demand for the reform or abolition of the Upper House. The Earl of Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, advocates the creation of a single Senate, in which the hereditary element of the House of Lords shall be preserved as a subordinate element. He had a conference on the subject with Mr. Gladstone at Black-craig Castle, September 22, and afterward went to Balmoral to consult with the Queen. It is not probable that he took to her the intelligence of any new plans of Mr. Gladstone against the peers. Such a declaration, combined with the Gladstonian programme of disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, would undoubtedly have strained to the utmost the relations between Her Majesty and the Prime Minister. The approach of the campaign against the Lords has caused several English bishops to propose to leaders of the Church in Scotland that they join an offensive and defensive alliance to fight disestablishment and the reform of the Upper House. The Scotch churchmen, however, received the proposals so coldly that the project of an alliance has been abandoned. The Scotch clergy seem to regard Welsh disestablishment as inevitable and almost justifiable. They do not wish to link the fate of the Church in Wales with that of the Church in Scotland.

BALTIMORE garmentmakers are feeding one hundred destitute Polish and Russian families in their midst. Glad to escape from Russian tyranny, these refugees are now dependent upon their poor fellow-workmen, who are richer than themselves only because they have work to do. The poor, as usual, are helping the poor. While this is the situation of the exiles in Baltimore and in other parts of the American Union the European aristocracy, who have robbed these poor of their land and their wages, are wallowing in wealth, luxury and vice, and watching for a chance to send other shiploads to these shores to get them out of their way. If this aristocracy can only bring the American situation 'up to their gold standard' of dear money and poor men, what royal spending money they will have over there. But where will we be about that time?

THE Brazilian navy defeated the Government forces, or at least President Peixoto. The army dethroned Dom Pedro, and elevated Deodora Fonseca to the presidency. Then Deodora surrendered to the navy, and Peixoto, who was vice-president, succeeded him. The Opposition in Congress, at the end of two years, passed a law making a vice-president ineligible to the presidency, and Peixoto vetoed it on constitutional grounds, and immediately put the army behind him. The navy seems to have become jealous, and at once began to make things warm for the Government. In the meantime the States of the Brazilian republic have begun to break away from the federal system. They are torn by factional politics, and politicians out of office are always ready to support any insurrectionary movement to bring about a change. Brazil has a stormy time ahead. The interior States are torn by factional strife, and the seaboard is under the guns of a hostile navy. The interior States ought to let partisanship sleep in a great national crisis. That is the way we do it, up here.



PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.

A CABLE dispatch from Hong Kong stated a few days ago that the different Powers represented in Chinese waters were about making a combined attack on the pirates who fly the black flag along the Chinese and Japanese coasts, capturing merchant vessels, murdering the crews and looting the craft. This is the second time within a year that the Powers have found it necessary to combine for this purpose. It will be some years before the Mongolian pirates cease to trouble shipping along the Chinese coast. The leaders of the pirate gangs pay regular tribute to dishonest officials for the privilege of making captures along those parts of the coast where these officials rule. The penalty for piracy in the Flowery Kingdom is death by beheading.

MR. OTTO KEMPNER boldly asserts that appointments are made in the New York City government for considerations of cash, and that conditions generally are rapidly approaching those of the Tweed régime in point of corruption and thoroughly hedged municipal despotism. Mayor Gilroy suggests that Mr. Kempner make definite charges, specifying any act that needs explanation or investigation. His Honor refuses to act upon or seriously notice general charges against Tammany Hall.

DAVID JONES, colored, was suspected of a robbery at McDowell, Ala., and a number of his white neighbors put a rope round his neck, strung him up to a tree and flogged him to make him confess. David refused, and was then released. The next day but one Jones's friends armed themselves and went gunning for the "regulators." In the subsequent proceedings two negroes and one white man died. The easiest way is the best way, to live with one's neighbors.

THIS is no laughing matter. Is it true, as charged in the daily press, that Mr. Van Alen, the newly appointed Ambassador to Italy, secured his appointment by reason of his fifty-thousand-dollar contribution to the Democratic campaign fund, and that the "affair" was engineered by the Hon. William C. Whitney? Such a charge cannot, and must not, be lightly passed over.

OCCASIONALLY a man is found carrying "badness" to such extremes that he would rather fight than eat. In Chicago, on the night of September the 20th, Italian exhibitors at the World's Fair gave a banquet to the Royal Italian Commissioner. The Marquis Vugaro and Count Ricardo got into a dispute, ending in a free fight, in which the banqueters all took sides—and blows—while the banquet remained unfinished.

REPRESENTATIVE GEARY has introduced a bill in the House to suspend all immigration for five years. The end of the century will be almost at hand by that time. Why not try two years, for an experiment? The life of a House of Representatives is just two years. Let the next House renew or repeal, as may then seem the better course.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has sent a message to Prince Bismarck expressing sorrow at his continued illness and offering him a castle to live in, as the climatic conditions at Friedrichsruhe are unfavorable. Bismarck thanked the Emperor, but declined the proffered castle on the ground that his physician forbids his removal.

BARON HIRSH has sold Italian rentes to the amount of one million sterling and has invested the money in American railroad securities, including some low-priced stocks which pay no dividends. The Statist remarks, sagely: "Baron Hirsch knows his game."

LORD DUNRAVEN and his party arrived Saturday, September 23, just in time to see his Valkyrie lying safely at anchor at Bay Ridge, having reached port a few hours ahead of himself.

THE people of the North of England were greatly surprised when they awoke, on the morning of September 23, to find snow as steadily falling as though it was the dead of winter. In Westmoreland the fall was to the depth of four inches.

PRINCE BISMARCK is inclined to resent the kindness of the Emperor and others in ministering to him and sympathizing with him as though he were a dying man. "But, oh! not now."

MANHATTAN DAY at the World's Fair will be on October 21. From the 19th to the 23d of that month the rate from New York and return on all the lines will be fifteen dollars.

### THE MARRIAGE PROPOSAL CONTEST.

WE give a second batch of answers to LORENZO JONES's offer of marriage to Miss Smith, in accordance with the terms of the competition opened in our issue of September 9. For the terms of that competition we again refer all eager to participate to the number of ONCE A WEEK bearing that date:—

LEAVES ALL TO LORENZO. (10.)

CLEVELAND, September 11, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. JONES—Your affectionate letter demands an immediate answer. As from the whole tenor of your conduct I have long flattered myself with the possession of your heart, I will confess that I was not much surprised at the receipt of your letter.

With this impression upon my mind I feel no hesitation in avowing that I have long loved you with a mutual warmth of affection. Consequently I can offer no objection to the proposal you have honored me with; and I consider myself highly distinguished in being selected by you as the female worthy of becoming your wife. Happy, indeed, do I think myself in the possession of your love, and you are too well acquainted with the state of my heart to doubt that I love you. Permit me to assure you that it will be my constant study faithfully to make you happy. Your wishes shall be mine, so as to promote your happiness, insure my own and preserve your respect and love.

Having made this confession, I shall not endeavor to restrain your happiness by any false affectation of reserve, but content myself with stating that I am ready to become your wife, for which purpose I leave the necessary arrangements with you. I am Ever yours, ELIZA SMITH.

WILL SHARE HIS JOYS AND SORROWS. (11.)

WICHITA, KAN., September 11, 1893.

DEAR LORENZO—I can make a reply to your letter at once. I do not need to ponder on it long. I love you; I confide in you; I trust you; I will accept the future you offer and try my best to make your life a success. You may have many joys. You may also have some sorrows. I will share and bear them with you, hoping that the love I bear you will make your sorrows few.

I can only add that I love you with an everlasting love, and I am Yours forever, TESSA SMITH.

FRESH WITH THE BREATH OF MORNING. (12.)

September 13, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. JONES—Fresh with the breath of the morning came your loving missive. I have turned over every leaf of my heart during the day, and on each page I find the same written; namely, gratitude for the love of a noble man, humility in finding myself its object and ambition to render myself worthy of that which you offer. I will try.

Yours henceforth, GRACE SMITH.

SHE KNEW IT ALL ALONG. (13.)

August 11, 1893.

DEAR MR. JONES—To say that your letter surprised me would not be true, for I could not help but notice that since our introduction you have seemed to prefer my presence to all others. I freely acknowledge that my heart is yours—it was, long before you suspected it.

But I could not answer immediately; for I thought it was due to you, as well as to myself, to weigh the matter carefully if I was thoroughly fitted to become your wife, however pleasant the honor might seem to me. I cannot say no. A woman's love is her life, and mine will be devoted to your happiness.

Yours always, COLUMBIA SMITH.

SHE NEVER SUSPECTED. (14.)

September 13, 1893.

DEAR MR. JONES—Your letter of August 3 was indeed a surprise to me, though a pleasant one.

I never dreamed that I had made such an agreeable impression upon you. Your confession makes me very happy, for I, too, must acknowledge to many moments passed, wasted as I thought, in thinking of you.

I thank you for the honor conferred in asking me to be your wife, and assure you that I consent willingly, for indeed I love you, and you only.

You have long possessed my heart, my hand is yours whenever you care to claim it.

Hoping to see you soon and hear from you, "the sweetest story ever told," I am, and ever will be,

Yours with all my heart, BELLE SMITH.

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN? (15.)

September 15, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. JONES—Your manly letter has been received just a short time, and I reply at once, judging it wrong to keep you in suspense on such a subject.

Your letter has opened my eyes to the fact that what I believed to be only a warm friendship is a stronger feeling. I see that it would pain me very much to lose your visits and presence, and that such a love as you offer your wife would make me very happy.

I have shown your letter to my parents, and they would like for you to call this evening to see them. With kindest regards, I am Very truly yours, AMANDA SMITH.

DON'T NEED TO PONDER. (16.)

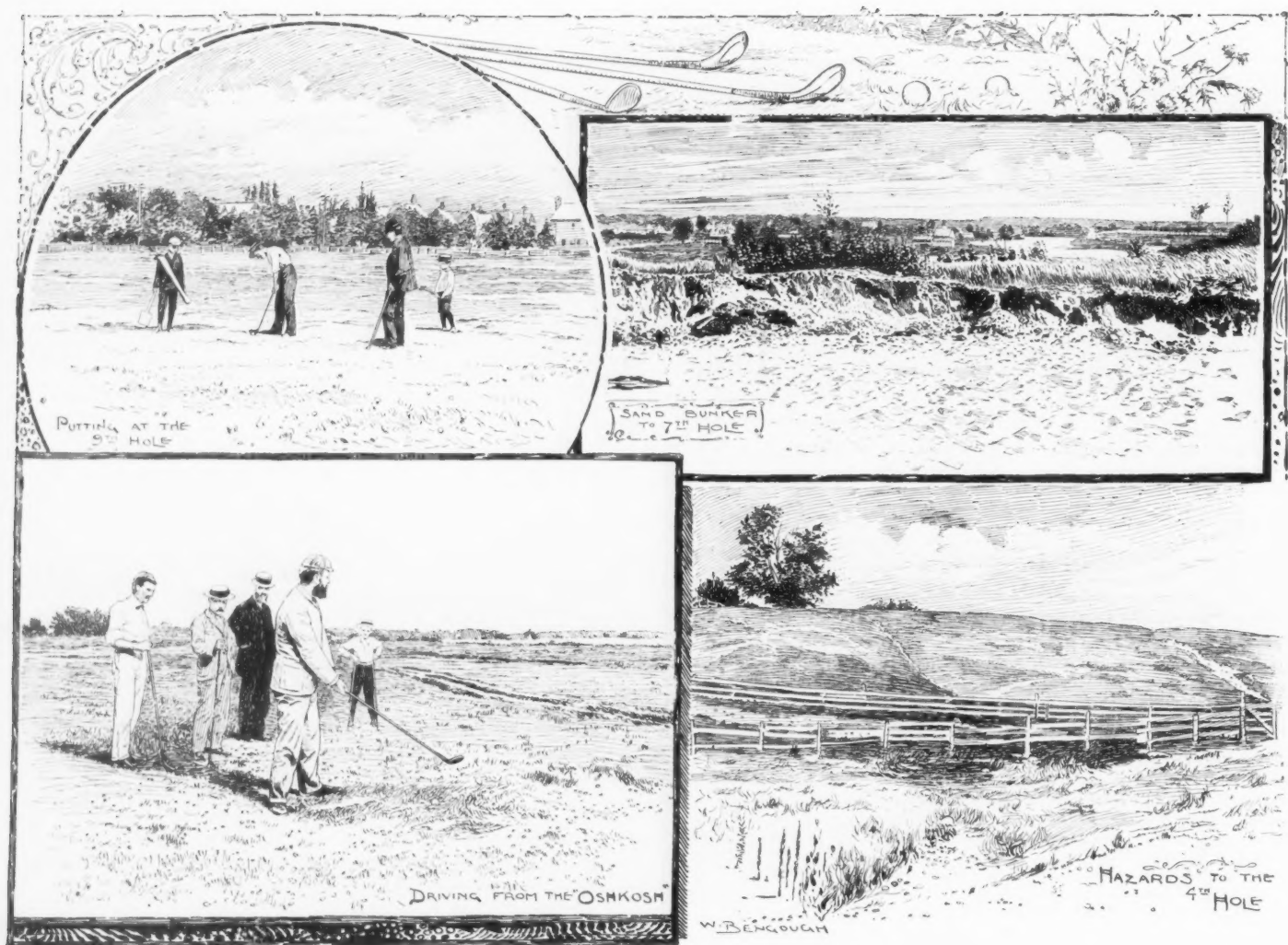
September 14, 1893.

DEAR MR. JONES—Your kind letter received. Of course it was unexpected, for while I had good reason to believe that you did not dislike me, still I did not believe that your feelings were such as your letter discloses.

You asked me to pardon you for saying on paper what is generally said face to face. When no offense is committed, certainly no pardon is due.

I fear that I do not merit the high opinion you have formed of me, but will try to be worthy of your love; and you have my frank assurance that you have a right to hope for a like return. You ask me not to answer your letter immediately, etc. Now do you know I think no true woman need take one minute to answer this, the most important question of her life. Her heart must dictate in a moment the answer she intends to give. Any process of reasoning, any weighing of matters is out of place here, and to attempt it is to stultify her nature. I will be as you wish.

Trusting yours, MARY SMITH.



## GOLFING AT OTTAWA

BY E. C. GRANT

**M**Y object in writing this article on golf is not to enlighten my readers upon a subject that has been so ably written upon by such men as Horace G. Hutchinson, Sir Walter Simpson, Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., and many others; but is intended more to show how popular it is becoming at the Canadian capital, with a few general remarks on the game, together with some illustrations which I have taken on our links.

The game is best played with either two or four persons, and when, in the latter case—it being called a "four-some"—they take sides of two, each side using one ball, which they play turn-about. If other players are following they must wait until all the players in the preceding game have played their second shot and then call out "Fore!" as a warning that they are about to drive, so that those in advance can get out of the way of their ball, as a clip from a driven golf ball is not soon to be forgotten.

The ball is five and one-half inches in circumference and is made of compressed gutta percha, the surface being corrugated, which gives it the revolving motion and assists it in its flight. It is then covered with white enamel, which enables it to be seen much easier when lost in grass, etc. Occasionally the game is played in winter, when a red ball is used instead. The sides chosen, you start from the teeing-ground, which is generally an even piece of turf on which a white line is drawn about seven or eight feet long, behind which the players must drive from. It is optional with the player whether he shall drive his ball from a tee—which is generally a slight eminence of sand—or from the flat surface; but an accomplished driver will, as a rule, prefer the latter, as, with a raised tee, one has a tendency to loft his ball too much—that is, send it higher into the air than is necessary, thereby losing considerable distance which might be made by a more direct drive. The first shot made is called the drive, which is done by swinging the driver from well over the shoulder, and, if successfully hit, the ball can be sent a distance of two hundred yards, though from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty yards is a good average drive. The remaining shots to be made until the hole is reached are to be played as the ball lies, and the club to be used depends upon what the ground is like where the ball is to be played from. During play no object which is growing, such as grass, weeds, shrubbery, etc., may be removed, neither may sand or earth be leveled off to facilitate the playing of the shot; but if a rock, log or any obstacle which is not stationary lies in such a position that the ball cannot be played, then the player has the privilege of removing same. If the ball falls into water then it may be fished out and dropped over

your shoulder on to the ground somewhere behind the place that it was taken up.

As regards clubs there are quite a number, such as long and short cleeks, driving cleeks, lofting cleeks and putting cleeks; heavy irons, light irons, driving irons, lofting irons and sand irons. There are mashies and niblicks. In this number there are perhaps only five or six that are really necessary and are all which the average player has recourse to. If one has a driver, brassey, lofting cleek, mashie, driving cleek and putter, and can use them properly, he should be able to overcome any difficulty and make a good showing at the finish.

The base or head of the club is generally made of birch while the handles are made of hickory, with leather binding at the top, as shown in the photo of modern clubs.



The driver is about three feet six inches in length, according to the size and reach of the player. The brassey is very similar to the driver, only that it is slightly shorter and heavier, being shod with brass at the bottom, which protects it from any hard object that it may come in contact with; this club also being used on the ball as it lies. The base of the lofting cleek, like all the other cleeks, is made of iron; and is at an angle so as to assist in lofting the ball, out of long grass, etc., into the air; but the base of the driving cleek is straight, as the club is used when

a shorter drive is to be made than is done with the driver. The mashie has also an iron head, which is shorter and thicker than the heads of the other irons, as it is intended more to plow the ball out of its position. The putter is the shortest club that is used, and may either have a brass head, very much the same shape as the driving cleek, or it can be made of wood like the driver. This club is played with a short handle, so as to give more accuracy in sending the ball into the hole. More care should be taken of the putting green, which is about twenty feet square, than any other part of the links, as it ought to be as perfect a piece of turf as possible. The last shots, for the hole, are made on this green. They are not lofted into the air, as the other shots are, but are played along the ground, very similar to a croquet shot, so that the least obstacle or unevenness has a tendency to throw the ball out of its course.

The hole, which you are playing for and which is four and one-half inches in diameter and about six inches deep, is a tin cup which is sunk into the turf, about the center of the putting green. The player or players reaching or getting their ball into this hole in the least number of shots wins the hole, or, using the golfing term, is a hole up. The game, as previously arranged, can be won by the one having the greatest number of holes up, out of the eighteen, or can be decided by the one making the eighteen holes in the least number of shots, the scores of each being kept by his opponent. In each hole is placed a white disc, about six inches square, on a pointed stick about eighteen inches long, and which the caddy boy removes and replaces again after the hole is played, so that the players following can see the direction to play in.

Few people, who have not played the game, can imagine what a wide field for observation golf affords and the nerve, self-control and endurance that is required to play it at all successfully; and unless a player happens to be endowed with a fair supply of each, then it is not at all likely that he will be able to make the strides that will be accomplished by his more fortunate adversary who is possessed of the proper golf qualifications.

It is not at all difficult to account for the popularity of the game when we consider that it affords, as few other games do, moderate yet sufficient exercise for all, both male and female. It is a game for people of all degrees and ages, and while it can be played with sufficient vigor to satisfy the desires of the most energetic, still the play can be made moderate enough to supply the need of older people who merely play the game for the want of light exercise. It is therefore one that can be taken up at childhood and continued until one becomes too decrepit to handle his clubs. Any one seeing the game for the first time is very likely to remark that it is all very fine for old men; but should that same person get a set of clubs and endeavor to follow an experienced player round the links he will very soon come to the conclusion that he has arrived at that time of life when he must admit that he is quite old enough to enjoy a little lighter exercise himself. The game is not by any means as easy as it first seems,



# FIN-DE-SIECLE.

No. 2.

BY JOEL BENTON.

## Society's "400."

Although there are two million of us  
Who live on Manhattan's fair isle,  
The most of us pass on unheard of  
And are hardly considered worth while.  
But up in a very charmed circle,  
Which McAllister dooms to great fame,  
There are somewhere approaching 400  
Who pose as the creme de la creme.  
What they know of cards, visits and dinners—  
Of things termed an fait, and not so—  
Would astonish us commonplace sinners  
Who are voted Philistine—and slow.



We may have much bright wit and some money,  
We may even be gentle and sweet;  
But, not all these gifts will admit us  
To pose with the truly elite.

So I've puzzled myself, and have wondered  
To know what queer thing must be done  
To land me among the 400  
And make them 401.

## The Dude.

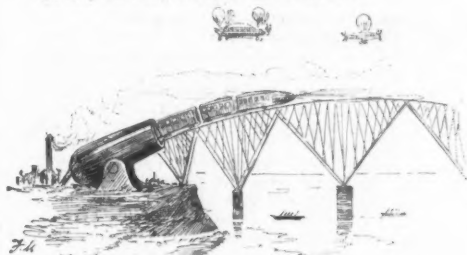
The dude is what the dandy was,  
Raised to the *n<sup>th</sup>* degree;  
As odd a human specimen  
As mortal eyes can see.  
His faultless collar towers high,  
His patent gaiters glow;—  
He calls himself the cream of earth,  
For what he doesn't know.  
A monocle adorns his eye,  
A cane rests in his hand;  
Too idle is he, far, to work,  
Or even to understand.  
He doesn't dance—he dotes on "form"—  
Is languid as a beau;  
But makes a wall-flower picturesque,  
As all the ladies know.  
'Tis hard to guess his aim in life,  
Since things are so passé;  
The merest trifle troubles him—  
Though why, no one can say.



His chief exertion is to dress,  
To sleep at times, and eat,  
And show himself admiringly  
To folks in town and street.  
Each nation has its special dude,  
To certain features true;  
But one may say—to steal a joke—  
"The Yankee dude 'll do."

## Modern Travel.

To pass from stages to the day of steam  
Was once regarded a preposterous dream;  
But now, even steam is called prodigious slow.  
So swift the modern world desires to go.  
Lightning we've harnessed, in a certain way,  
And we shall drive it when we make it pay—  
Not only between points of city space,  
But through the world for the whole human race.  
Some think the hour is nearly come, or ripe,  
When, blown through some pneumatic tube or pipe,  
We can across the mighty continent go  
In half an hour at least—or almost so.



Others are sure our pathway is the air,  
And people who have little time to spare  
Will then, some morning, fly to London town  
And hurry back before the sun goes down.  
Perhaps 'tis idle now to speculate  
On modes of travel sure to come as fate;  
Some way there'll be to shoot us through the air,  
And, in a half-hour, take us anywhere.

## The Mammoth Sunday Paper.

The Sunday paper is out to-day—  
"A hundred pages," the placards say:  
Now find your needle in the stack of hay.

It has pictures, and padding, and points galore,  
The most of it printed a week before—  
And of modern things it's the greatest bore.  
It flaunts in colors—it colors the news;  
For, a good fake-story 'tis hard to refuse;  
And scandal it serves up for gentiles and Jews.  
It chooses reporters well trained to know  
How to say a thing is, and is not so,  
Until he who reads gets the vertigo.  
To carry it home needs a porter's aid—  
It palls the reader, and vexes "the trade"  
With elephantiasis, I am afraid.  
Some day it will lessen, and finally die—  
When the busy man refuses to buy,  
And when reason attempts our news to supply.  
With headlines on nothing, that jump and prance,  
Some off-color hotchpotch and raw romance,  
One may call it the Sunday St. Vitus's Dance.



## Young America.

The world has changed—and children, too,  
Are now a species wholly new,  
Who care not what their parents say—  
Audacious Young America.  
Some forty years or more ago  
Boys were polite and kept "in tow";  
And when old age they chanced to see,  
Bowed with a real courtesy.  
But, meet one now upon the street—  
His head is up, so are his feet;  
You're lucky if you pass him by  
And no stray brickbat takes a fly  
In your direction—or a stick;  
He's even handy with a kick.  
Both house and home our youngsters rule—  
They dominate the town and school;  
Few hints of deference do they show,  
They think there's little left to know.  
Their dress asserts them bold and proud,  
And matches manners coarse and loud;  
In slang they revel—boast and bet,  
Are monarchs of the cigarette;  
Read novels steeped in border crime—  
The sort you purchase for a dime;  
And some, with fame and fight impressed,  
Start to hunt Indians in the West.  
The world has changed. Swift speed the day  
It changes Young America.

and one will find upon commencing that there is so much to learn, such as grasping the club properly, keeping your eye on the ball, position for each stroke, which club to use, etc., etc., that for a while he will be quite confused as to exactly what he has to do and when to do it.

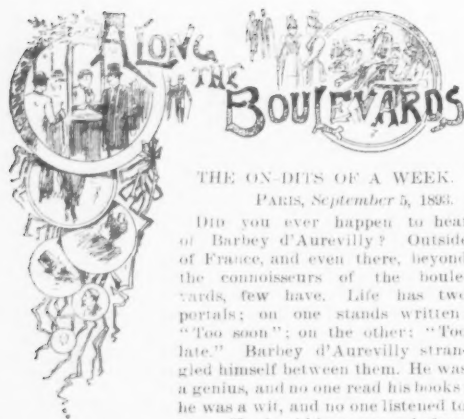
Like every other game golf has its drawbacks, and though the day may be perfect and you start off to make your first drive under the most favorable circumstances, you may find that you have not hit your ball fairly, and instead of seeing it soar gracefully through the air, to the position which you had mapped out in your mind, you find that it has dropped directly behind a fence, into a mudhole, long grass or some other position equally as objectionable. Then come the difficulties; first of all you have to find the ball. You think that you can go direct to the spot where it dropped, but when you arrive there you very often discover that the "spot" has suddenly developed into a considerable tract of land, which may be covered with innumerable places in which your ball may so well hide itself that it will be some time before you find it again, and in many instances you have to give it up as lost and replace it by another, which you drop over your shoulder on to the ground, somewhere in the vicinity where you imagine your lost one alighted, and having to undergo the penalty of losing one stroke into the bargain. I might mention that in this instance a great deal depends upon the usefulness of your caddy, whose duty it is to carry your clubs and attend to your wants during the game, for if he is smart and attentive he will be able to mark where the ball falls and

find it without much difficulty, having nothing to distract his attention.

Though the game of golf dates back as early as 1457, it is comparatively a young institution at Ottawa, having only started in 1891, but the club has evidently decided to try and make up for lost time, judging from the interest that is being taken in the game. The ground is admirably situated for golf, there being plenty of space, and quite enough hazards in the shape of fences, ditches, hills, sand bunkers, etc. There are only nine holes, which are played over twice, but nearly every variety of ground to be found. The longest hole is three hundred and sixty yards and the shortest one hundred and seventy-five yards, while the whole course is about twenty-four hundred yards. The first teeing-ground is near the clubhouse, and the course, to the first hole, is from the top of a steep hill over a tract of about one hundred and fifty yards of swampy ground, which, if cleared by a good drive, leaves the player about sixty yards of nice green to finish the hole in. The next hole is over a stretch of rough common of about two hundred and eighty yards, covered with long, thick weeds, with the exception of a strip of about thirty feet of cleared space extending from the teeing-ground to the hole, and which makes it extremely difficult should the player wander from the direct line. Then comes another two hundred yards of common, very much similar to the last one, only that it contains two or three mudholes, which are most disastrous to the unfortunate. The fourth hole may either be one of the easiest or most difficult of all. The teeing-ground is at the base of a steep hill, with two fences and a ditch between, and with a successful drive one

ought to do the hole in three or four strokes, as, once over the hill, it is nice, clean common; but woe betide the one whose ball strikes the fences or goes only half-way up the hill, where it is sure to roll down, as it is one continuation of swamp and long weeds, and will run one's average beyond redemption should he not play with the utmost precision and coolness. This hole finished, we cross over about five hundred yards and into the "cuss-word" country, as the next four holes are a succession of sand bunkers, some of them being eight and ten feet in depth, with steep banks that make the player wish that a lacrosse stick could be included in his outfit. Though the courses over the sand bunkers are most difficult, a great thing in their favor is that they are situated on a high piece of land overlooking the river, from which there is nearly always a pleasant breeze blowing, which is seldom strong enough to interfere with the direction of the ball. The ninth course is an easy one of one hundred and seventy-five yards, with a steep hill near the hole which warns the too eager player to put restraint upon his motive power.

There are several clubs now in Canada, including Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Kingston, with which we play home-and-home matches, and I don't think that it will be long before there will be regular matches played between American and Canadian teams. Our membership is likely to be augmented by the addition of our new Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, who, I believe, is an enthusiastic and expert golfer. As we have engaged the services of a professional from Wimbledon to coach our players, we hope to give some good accounts of the club in the near future.



### THE ON-DITS OF A WEEK.

PARIS, September 5, 1893.

DID you ever happen to hear of Barbey d'Aurevilly? Outside of France, and even there, beyond the connoisseurs of the boulevards, few have. Life has two portals; on one stands written: "Too soon"; on the other: "Too late." Barbey d'Aurevilly strangled himself between them. He was a genius, and no one read his books; he was a wit, and no one listened to him. He should have come before, or later—not when he did. Ten, twenty, thirty years hence, when the elect of the present hour will not possess even the immortality of mummies, Barbey d'Aurevilly will be unearthed, and, what is more, will be read. It was the same way with Stendhal; ignored during his lifetime, he declared that he would be read in 1890, and the boast came true. Editions of his books are multiplying. There are a dozen biographies of him afloat. He is a fad, and there could not be a better one. He not only wrote—he thought—and the margin between those capacities is immeasurable. Barbey d'Aurevilly not only wrote and thought—he talked—and he talked well in a land where every one is a good talker. One night that mad communist, Vallès, happening to exclaim, "We need the heads of a hundred thousand idiots," Barbey d'Aurevilly interjected: "Sarcey's is quite sufficient."

In a chronicle a few weeks ago the writer related a little episode that befell that gentleman: his capture in London by a trio of journalists, who promenaded him, disguised as a costermonger, up and down Regent Street, under pretense of showing him Whitechapel. The boulevards laughed at this, of course, and well they might; so, too, did Mr. Sarcey; but, having put every one in a good humor, he must have determined to make the best possible use of the common joviality, for the day before yesterday he was announced as a candidate for election at the Academy. Why should he not be? you may ask. And, as a matter of fact, there is not a reason, ethical, social or legal, against it, nor even against his being elected, unless it be this, that he is more *erudit* than all the Academicians put together. "Ah! but," said an habitué of the stalls to the writer the other night, "Sarcey is not such a fool as he looks." To which the writer was obliged to reply: "He couldn't be."

Nor is he, perhaps. For fifty years—sixty, it may be—in any event since the mind of man runs not to the contrary, he has spawned upon the public articles on every conceivable subject, including himself, in which a microscopist, had he the patience of Job, would be unable to detect anything, however remotely approaching what we call an idea. These articles are made up of three-fourths nonsense and one-fourth error; yes, even, particularly even, when he writes of himself, for then the big I crops out, and if you did not know you might think you were listening to some one in authority.

Sarcey is the representative, or more exactly the incarnation, of a class essentially *not* and essentially academic—the critic, that useless vermin which Emerson described as having the eyes of a bug and the heart of a cat, and which crawl not only through French journalism, but in America, in Cambodia, too, for all the writer knows to the contrary—in short, wherever journalism exists. Of this species Sarcey is the largest and finest specimen. In the hundreds of thousand lines which he has turned out there is not a word of encouragement for anything that is new, not an atom of appreciation of the future, not a trace of comprehension of the past; it is the lack-luster "copy" of an incompetent envious of the competence of others.

With such claims to recognition why should he not be elected, or, rather, why was he not elected long ago? Zola, whatever may be alleged to his discredit, is out of sight in comparison, a giant whose feet are in the mud, perhaps, but whose stature mounts to the sky. And the efforts of these two to get behind the Academy door reminds one of nothing half so much as that race between the hare and tortoise which La Fontaine told so quaintly and so well. Back the tortoise every time. If you want to succeed among mediocrities be even more mediocre than they. Stupidity will win a way where genius may not tread. Sarcey no doubt will be received. But that Zola should present himself at all is but another and melancholy instance of independence sapped by the microbes of ambition, of pride and dignity abdicating for the greater glory of an institution which, however resplendent in the past, is now but a clinic for the furtherment of atrophy of the brain.

Speaking of these gentlemen and of literature in general, any one who has taken an interest in French fiction can hardly have failed to notice the number of new writers that have come into being, and more particularly the inferiority of their work. By way of explanation for this condition of things many theories might be advanced; but perhaps the most philosophic would be that the literature of our expiring century, after having passed from youth to virility, has begun to experience the maladies of old age. But there is another reason: each year the universities turn out a number of young men, more or less rich in thought yet inevitably poor in pocket, whose unique ambition is "to get there." They can't all be physicians, lawyers or stockbrokers; and, besides, to follow any one of these professions capital is needed,

patience, too, hard work, besides. But to be a novelist, how easy that is! There is but one prerequisite—the ability to charm, or, what on this side amounts to the same thing, the ability to shock, and the reward is certainly ample enough. A novelist whose name is before the public can, in accordance with the public to which he addresses himself, command for a manuscript anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand francs, or, more exactly, he will, according to his salability, receive from five to twenty-five cents a word. This is a far call from the days when Flaubert sold "Mme. Bovary" for eight hundred francs (about one hundred and sixty dollars) and Murger got four hundred for the "Vie de Bohème." But times have changed. French writers no longer cultivate art for art's sake. It does not pay, the public do not want fine writing; what it exacts is a half-hour's distraction, a lie which sounds true, truffles and red pepper. To supply that demand publishers stand and deliver relatively handsome sums; and they can do it, too, far better than English or American firms, for they have not only their own country as a consumer, but all of Europe and Latin America, to boot. As a consequence young men in haste to solve what used to be the most difficult of all problems and which is now one of the easiest—how, in a given time, to turn a ream of paper into a bag of gold—consult not art and her canons, but the public and its lack of taste, and force people of average refinement and intelligence either to read nothing at all or else to stray back among the poets and word-painters of the past.

There was a little coffee-colored prince here the other day, the son of an African potentate, who, to the amusement of every one, attempted to conspire against his august father. The French Government decided that he would be better off in Algiers than in Paris, and notified him to that effect. In such circumstances a prince is expected to say something typical, some fine sonorous phrase that will go down with him through history. The princelet tried:

"Whence does the mandate for my exile emanate?" he asked, superbly.

"His Majesty, your father, has telegraphed."

"Telegraphed? What rot! He don't know how."

Edgar Saltus

### LACE AND EMBROIDERY.



LACE and embroidery are so nearly allied that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to trace with accuracy the exact date at which the one may be said to have merged into the other. They both have a common foundation—that is, a network wrought of fine threads of gold, silver, silk, flax or cotton interwoven.

The history of these kindred arts is both curious and instructive.

By the introduction of machinery a vast industry has grown from them during the last half-century, affording a livelihood to hundreds of thousands of both sexes and all ages. In some districts of Belgium, for example, children commence to learn lace-making at the early age of five, and by the time they are ten years of age are able to earn their own living. We have, in Holy Writ, constant allusion to embroidery and needlework. Mention is made in the Psalms of a virtuous woman being brought unto the King in raiment of needlework (virtue and industry going hand-in-hand), and the robe of the High Priest (the ephod) is described as being "worked with pomegranates of blue, purple and scarlet around the hem thereof," showing how highly the art was esteemed among the Jews. The Grecian ladies were celebrated in very early times for their skill in all kinds of embroidery and needlework, and Minerva took the art under her special protection. We cannot but pity the fate of the daring mortal, who, vain of her skill, defied the goddess to a contest, and so excited the ire of Minerva that she changed her into a spider. Goldsmith poetically puts it:

"Arachne once, as Poets tell,  
A goddess at her art defied;  
But soon the daring mortal fell,  
'Tis the hapless victim of her pride."

On the tombs and sarcophagi of the Egyptians we find depicted on the outer tunics of their robes of state a looped network of crochet, darned round the hem in patterns of gold, silver and divers colors. The Romans were familiar with gold threadwork, but it is not alone among these highly civilized nations that we find the love of ornamentation existing, as the discovery of gold needles in the Scandinavian Tumuli can testify. In England, in the early part of George III's reign, a Scandinavian barrow was opened near Wareham in Dorsetshire, and the remains of a piece of gold wire lace (very black and decayed) was found, about four inches long and two and a half broad, of the old lozenge pattern.

But doubtless the finest specimens of early English work extant are the cope and mantle of St. Cuthbert, who died in 687, and which were removed from his coffin in 1827, and are now to be seen in the library of Durham Cathedral. One side of the mantle is of gold lace worked upon a parchment pattern, and is simply exquisite.

In the Cathedral of Prague is preserved a priest's robe of embroidery and cutwork, yellow with age, which was wrought by Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies excelled in needlework, and we read in the ancient chronicles "of the scarlet embroidered tunics" worked by the nuns and presented by the early Saxon kings to the "Sovereign Pontiff" in their pilgrimages to Rome. We hear also of William the Conqueror arraying himself in the spoils of the vanquished (after the battle of Hastings), in a richly wrought mantle of Saxon embroidery.

The custom of knightly families to send their daughters to the castles of their suzerain lords, to learn the art of spinning and embroidery, was general in Europe, and continued until the middle of the eighteenth century. In the Public Record Office there is a charge of eight shillings for the silk bought for embroidery work for Margaret, daughter of Edward I., and another entry for four ounces of silk and two hundred ounces of gold thread. This art was not without its practical use in the times of the "Wars of the Roses," as many noble families were reduced to the greatest distress and were enabled to earn a subsistence only by the sale of their embroidery.

The linen shirt, or smock, was the special object of adornment, and on the decoration of the collar and sleeves much time and ingenuity were expended. In the ancient ballad of St. Thomas, the fair Annette cries:

"My maidens go to my dressing-room,  
And dress me in my smock;  
The one half is of the Holland fine,  
The other of needlework."

Chancer also describes the embroidery in these words: "White was her smocke, embrouded all before and eke behynde on her collar aboute, of coal black sylke within and eke without."

Philip Stubbs, who writes in 1583, complains of the extravagant prices paid for these shirts. He says: "I have heard of shirts that have cost some ten shillings, some twenty, some forty and (which is horrible to hear) some as much as ten pounds;" and, taking the different value of money in those days into consideration, the ladies' trousseaus—if as numerous in quantity as elaborate in quality—must have strained the resources of dear papa—whose anxiety to get his daughter "settled" was only equalled by the difficulty of making "a settlement."

In the early part of the sixteenth century we find Venetian lace in great demand, and Genoa was almost as celebrated for her pillow-lace as Venice was for "point." The earliest record of Italian lace belongs to Milan, although in an inventory of the Duke of Burgundy, as early as 1334, we find a collar of silver network mentioned, said to be of Cyprian manufacture. Malta was early celebrated for its lace, generally of an arabesque pattern, and she also lays claim to the invention of guipures. The tale runs, that some fond sailor lad, whose "love" was a worker in "point lace," brought home from the Southern Seas a bunch of pretty "Coraline," known as "Mermaid's" lace. The girl, struck by the graceful nature of the seaweed, with its small white knots united, imitated it with her needle. Lace is, or rather was, divided into two distinct classes, point and pillow, but it would take too long to enter into a detailed description of their differences.

Late in the sixteenth century we find the Flemish making and importing vast quantities of lace. All the laces of Flanders, with the exception of "Brussels," were known in commerce, at this period, under the general name of Mechlin. Spanish lace was highly prized, and was largely used for the decoration of Our Lady and other patron saints; also for the albs of the priests.

The gold and silver point d'Espagne was used as a trimming for the cloaks of the grandes and high officers of the Inquisition. The national mantilla is trimmed with deep lace, and, by law, a Spanish woman's mantilla cannot be seized for debt.

Now we come to the most important period in the history of lace, which occurred in the time of Louis XIV. of France. By the advice of his Prime Minister, Colbert, he, in 1665, established lace manufactories known as "Point de France," and caused a general development of the lace industry throughout Europe. At this time the principal laces were point or needle-made lace, made at Venice, Brussels and Spain. Then blonde-de-fil, a light, fine pillow-lace, manufactured at Lille and Arras, Normandy and Switzerland. Then we have point de Paris, or point-double, Valenciennes, and then guipures and gold lace. In the Musée de Cluny may be seen the cap of fine linen which Charles V. wore under his crown; the imperial arms are introduced in relief, alternately, with designs in lace of exquisite workmanship.

For the last three centuries lace has been a favorite article for smugglers, and I grieve to say that under this appellation may be classed all ranks of men, and—must I be unchivalrous enough to add?—of women, also. The custom house officers needed to be Argus-eyed to detect the various forms that this illicit gambling assumes. Books, bottles and babies were vigorously scrutinized, and even loaves of bread were found to be "crummy," only in the sense of being a "soft snap" to the detective or the thief.

In 1724 a clergyman of the Church of England died in Brussels; and his enterprising relatives, considering that it was unnecessary to stand on ceremony with a "piece of clay," removed the trunk, leaving the head, hands and feet, and made up a lace body of immense value. It is pleasing to relate that their nefarious scheme was detected, and the whole of the lace confiscated by the crown.

This discovery, however, did not damp the ardor of the High Sheriff of Westminster, who succeeded in running six thousand pounds' worth of lace in the coffin of Bishop Atherbury when the body was brought over from Calais for interment.

But I think the most ingenious, and for many years the most profitable, form of smuggling was between France and Belgium—by means of dogs trained for the purpose. The dog was petted and fattened at home, then, after a time, sent across the frontier where he was ill-treated and half starved. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body and the intervening space filled with lace. The dog being allowed to escape, quickly found his way home to his former comfortable quarters. The Government at last offered a reward of three francs for each dog destroyed, and more than forty thousand were paid for at this rate between 1820 and 1836.

But a word must be said of Brussels lace, which is of extraordinary fineness. The thread forming it is made of

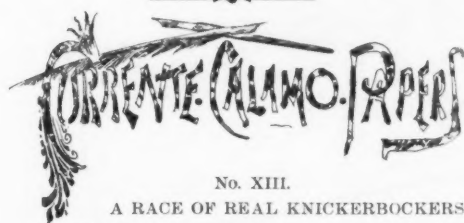


flax. The finest quality is spun in dark, underground rooms, as contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room is so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. The value of this thread ranges from fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars a pound, which is sufficient to manufacture lace worth thirty-five hundred dollars.

The bed-curtains of Madame Recamier, the most beautiful woman of her time, were of the finest Brussels lace and lined with satin of the palest rose. The custom of the period permitted her to receive her visitors in bed when she was not sufficiently well to receive them in her salon. Napoleon, then First Consul, was first introduced to her at a "reception" of this kind, and no doubt the rose-colored curtains contributed not a little to heighten the charms of her delicate and lilylike beauty.

I find that, in speaking of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, I have said nothing of their Celtic sisters of the Emerald Isle, whose piety and industry supplied for centuries the most perfect specimens of hand-made lace. They were often a free-will offering for the decoration of the altar cloths and ecclesiastical vestments of her priests. Many of these pieces it took years to perfect, and they are in many cases, though centuries old, as perfect as if they were made yesterday.

FRANK SHELLEY.



No. XIII.

## A RACE OF REAL KNICKERBOCKERS.

THE building of great and gorgeous hotels in New York, like Mr. Astor's "Waldorf" and "Netherlands," like somebody else's "Plaza" and "Savoy," has cast into obscurity that quiet, old-time structure, the Brevoort House, once our choicest and most patrician of inns. But long before now the Brevoort family, who of old were such landowners in this particular part of town, ceased to hold that claim upon social attention which they formerly retained in marked degree. Their "day" was that of the real Knickerbocker régime, and though some of their descendants yet bear with honor and credit the old Dutch-flavored name, these mostly prefer quiet lives, and do not mix in the big metropolitan and Newport whirl.

Many years ago the home of this family was on the northwest corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. Long since then their broad, low mansion was purchased by a Swiss merchant named De Rham, whose children and grandchildren have maintained the intense gentility of his tenets, and who probably are tempted to forget that the original Brevoort demesne was at least two or three acres larger than their own present surrounding. Indeed, as I chance to know, old Mr. Henry Brevoort had a delightful fruit-garden, forty years ago, on the large vacant lot between his dwelling and Tenth Street. Here he raised peaches and apricots, in the drowsy and lovely seclusion of an ample-walled inclosure. For those times he was a very wealthy man, sprung from Dutch settlers who had dwelt on a spacious estate in the Bowerly, and had left him a fortune universally conceded to be superb. It could not have missed the figure of a million dollars, and millionaires, a half-century since, were in New York majestic rarities.

Mr. Brevoort married a Southern lady named Carson, and passed with her long intervals of residence abroad. Several of their children were born in Paris. They would return to us with transatlantic ideas and customs which we did not always receive, in our then rather sleepy provincialism, either liberally or politely. It was my privilege, in younger years, to know and deeply esteem Mrs. Elizabeth Brevoort Coolidge, who had been born, if I mistake not, in this same spacious old mansion near Washington Square. Attended by her groom, Miss Brevoort (she had not yet become Mrs. Coolidge) would ride on horseback out into regions which were then country pure and simple. But such audacious imitation of European manners caused comment of an almost hostile kind, and an editorial presently appeared in the *Evening Post*, denouncing the pastime of the fair young equestrian as a most unrepugnant and snobbish act. From Mrs. Coolidge's own lips I heard this story, and so can vouch for its truth. From the same sweet and kindly lips I received, while yet a mere boy, precious lessons and counselings. She was a woman of fine intellect and admirable culture, and I still remember with keenest gratitude the gentle heed which she gave to my earliest efforts at verse-making, pointing out salient errors here, and there praising what now seems to me as not to have merited even the charities of so indulgent a spirit. My love for Tennyson's poetry springs from her earnest eulogy of it in the year 1864, or thereabouts. With shame I now recall that I almost fiercely insisted, at first, on the "namby-pamby" quality of "Maud," "Locksley Hall," and other masterpieces. But, after all, there was nothing strange in this, for my juvenile lungs were merely breathing that wide atmosphere of censure and contempt which was then diffused about the name of England's greatest nineteenth century poet. Mrs. Coolidge conquered my silly prejudice at last, and I became a passionate Tennysonianite, like herself—and have remained one, I hope, ever since. Few of Tennyson's ardent admirers in the present generation realize how fiercely he was assailed by so-called "criticism" until about twenty years before his death. Often when my youthful soul was pierced by bitter invective flung at my own far poorer verses, I have remembered with a kind of humble and human comfort the long ordeal of injustice through which this noblest of singers was compelled to pass!

Mrs. Coolidge, one of the most accomplished and lovable women of her time, died at Oxford in 1875. She had gone to live there so that she might be near her adored and only son during his discipleship at Magdalen College. Not long ago I stood, one evening, on the bridge below Magdalen's historic tower, and seemed to feel near me the presence of that fine vanished spirit, so perfect in its devoted motherhood. The son she so treasured is now closely connected with the famed college where as an undergraduate he won bright distinction. He holds there the rank of Dean, and is, I am told, the only American on whom this dignity has ever been bestowed.

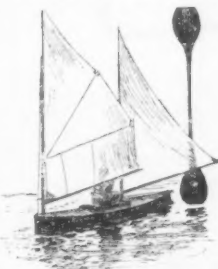
One of Mrs. Coolidge's sisters, Laura Brevoort, was a great beauty and belle, and became the wife of Charles Astor Bristed, grandson of William B. Astor. Mrs. Bristed died in Baden, quite suddenly, during the summer of 1890 or '91. Her position abroad was so distinguished and her popularity in the highest circles so marked, that not a few royalties sent condolences to her bereaved husband at the time of her death. Years later it was my good fortune to meet and know intimately her only child, John Jacob Astor Bristed, named after his great-great-grandfather on the paternal side. When I think of dear "Johnny Bristed," as I first knew him at Columbia College in 1865, and afterward through several years of friendly intercourse broken by his trips abroad, it seems to me that he is the most brilliantly picturesque figure of youthful manhood on which experience has ever permitted me to gaze. Handsome, graceful, exceptionally rich, courted by men and smiled upon by women, he preserved an amiability and an intellectual charm which I can only call romantic in their fresh, warm, spontaneous buoyancy. Never were such blithe animal spirits tempered by a more poetic and fascinating refinement. He died early; he was one whom the gods loved, as did everybody else who came within the radius of his witching personality. A malady of the brain, at first violent, left him but the pathetic wreck of his former richly vital self. For two or three years before his final peaceful end I occasionally saw and spoke with him. But the lamp of his golden intelligence burned low and flickering. His great passion had been painting, and a radical knowledge of it might have made him, if he had lived and retained his health, one of the ablest art critics this century has produced.

Another daughter of Mr. Brevoort was a lady named Meta, who lived the life of a nun, though not a Roman Catholic nun, among the sisterhood of helpful and exquisitely Christian women haunting like good angels the sick-rooms of St. Luke's Hospital. She is now dead, and has left behind her a most fragrant and tender memory. Still another daughter was Mrs. Pierre Kane, mother of the Grenville Kane (still both young and popular, with the clear-cut, high-bred Brevoort face) who married a niece of Miss Catherine Wolfe, that gracious donor of many precious paintings to our Metropolitan Museum in Central Park. Mrs. Kane, too, has passed away, and still another sister, Mrs. Sedgwick, is no more among the living. Carson Brevoort died three or four years ago, leaving behind him a large homestead and estate in Brooklyn. He was the eldest of the family, and had but a single brother, Henry W. Brevoort, an intimate friend of mine, though I now am forced to go to Paris whenever I want to shake hands with him, as he has made the French capital his permanent home. Henry W. Brevoort, who has now passed his sixtieth year, is the last living child of that semi-foreign and grand seigneur American, his long-deceased father. He is a man of much wit and originality, and of eccentric though singularly genial disposition.

Even before the Belmonts began socially to rule New York, the Brevoorts were an almost isolated prophecy of that largess which now strikes the keynote of our modern festivities. It must have been as far back as 1850 when Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort gave a great fancy-dress ball in their Fifth Avenue home, on the Ninth Street corner. Here they received their guests on a dais, each dressed in the costume of some dead and gone king or queen. The ball made an immense talk at the time, as did that of Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn, perhaps a year or two later, in the placid and select purlieu of Lafayette Place. So runs the world away, and so does history repeat itself! In four or five decades from to-day some gossiping New York scribe like the present one may touch on the Vanderbilt masquerade of comparatively yesterday. Let us hope that though he write *corrente calamo* as do I, he may preserve that same love for the old-time doings of his native town, which is my sole apology for these rambling records and memoirs.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1893.



plain that they stand for American Canoe Association, and that the members of this association gather together for two weeks every summer, generally in the month of August, live under canvas, are governed by a commanding officer, called commodore, form amusement committees and regatta committees, hold races of both sail and paddle, and in every possible way give encouragement to the art of canoeing. In our party we were all Canadians, so we took a patriotic interest in the success of this meet, which was under the special supervision of the Northern Division, and held in Canadian waters. The

WAS fortunate enough to be asked to join a camping party, at the recent A. C. A. meet, on Wolfe Island in the St. Lawrence. I had been at the A. C. A. before, and I knew what possibilities of healthful pleasure were wrapped up in the prospect of a two weeks' outing, so I gladly accepted the invitation. In case any one reading this may not know the meaning of those mystic letters A. C. A., let me here ex-

commodore himself, Colonel Cotton, holds a responsible position in the army of Her Majesty's Dominion, but he set aside his military title for the space of two weeks and assumed command of the A. C. A. He is a very charming man either in or out of camp, and though it does not always follow that a good soldier makes a good sailor, the colonel certainly made an excellent commodore, and the Northern Division is well satisfied with its choice. The next most interesting person at the meet was probably Mr. Winne of Albany, who last year was our first officer. He is one of the favorites of the association, and his arrival on Wolfe Island was the cause of general joyfulness. During his stay he gave great assistance to the amusement committee, and at all the campfires he was the leading spirit. A visit from Mr. Winne on a wet day in camp is something to be thankful for. He left the day before the general breakup, and the last glimpse we had of him, as we stood in the crowd of cheering campers, he was on the aft deck of the steamer *Maud* waving enthusiastically the British flag in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other. There were many other interesting people at camp that I should like to tell about if space afforded; for instance, Mr. M. T. Bennet of New York, and his curious but beautiful mackintosh; Mr. Wilkin of Brooklyn, as well as many others.

Wolfe Island is twenty-two miles long and about seven wide, so the A. C. A. was only in a little corner of it—a portion that bore the Scriptural name of "Abraham's Head." It was one of the prettiest spots imaginable, and perfectly adapted for camping purposes. Soft, green banks sloped gently to the water, not the rough, rocky bluffs one so often finds among the islands; and here and there small bays indented the shore, making even in the wildest weather a safe harbor for canoes. The tents were pitched beneath great trees of beech, maple and pine, and were fanned by cooling river breezes. There were in all nearly two hundred tents, and the canvas town looked very pretty when seen from the water. At night, when lighted with Chinese and Japanese lanterns, it was simply fairyland. A walk through the camp and a peep into the open tents showed that the canoeists did not despise comfort altogether, and that many of them were more or less artistic. Squaw Point revealed some interiors that suggested the abode of an Eastern princess. Headquarters stood on rising ground in the center, directly in front of the landing. To the left of it lay the main camp, or home of the "braves," and to the left Squaw Point. One day we all collected in front of headquarters and were photographed. I wish I had a picture to show you of the "belle" of Squaw Point. But perhaps it is as well I have not, as there were many claimants, and it might cause unpleasantness. The commodore lived at headquarters, and the secretary and several officials, for it consisted of four or five tents. Two huge flagpoles stood in the glade before it, and side by side, and often intertwined, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes waved together. One of the great features of the A. C. A. is that it is purely international.

After every campfire we sang "God Save the Queen," and then, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." "The Queen" was given precedence, as we were in her own dominions; but it seemed one song with two verses, the tune being the same.

If the view of the line of white tents from the bay was pretty, the view of the bay itself from the camp was enchanting, and often as I looked at it I longed for artistic talent to fix the picture forever on canvas. Gayly decorated open canoes, which hold only two, and are very popular, were always out in great numbers, and often the squaw did the paddling, while the "brave" reclined among the cushions and smoked a choice cigarette. But in the evenings it was different; then the squaw was comfortably installed among the cushions and the "brave" did the work, or sometimes—especially in the moonlight—no paddling was done, and the canoe just "drifted to the leeward"—or anywhere else it chose to drift.

Then the white-winged sailing canoes. How like great butterflies as they flew merrily over the waves! And how fascinating to follow their course in the races, swiftly chasing each other, while the man on the hiking seat was sometimes high in air and again well under the water. Mr. Paul Butler, of the Vesper Canoe Club, is one of the heroes of the A. C. A. They say he loves nothing so well as his canoe. He has little of the social camper about him, being an out and out racing man; but, in spite of that, he has many admirers at Squaw Point. In his little canoe, the *Wasp*, he has done some great work. Next to the races in importance at an A. C. A. meet is the campfire. When evening comes the canoeists gather about the blazing logs, songs and stories follow each other, hot drinks are passed around—not too hot, and not too strong, and not too long, but just enough to brighten up the sleepy, tired ones—and every one does his or her best to contribute to the general festivities. We had a "star" at the campfire this year in Miss Pauline Johnson, our Indian poetess.

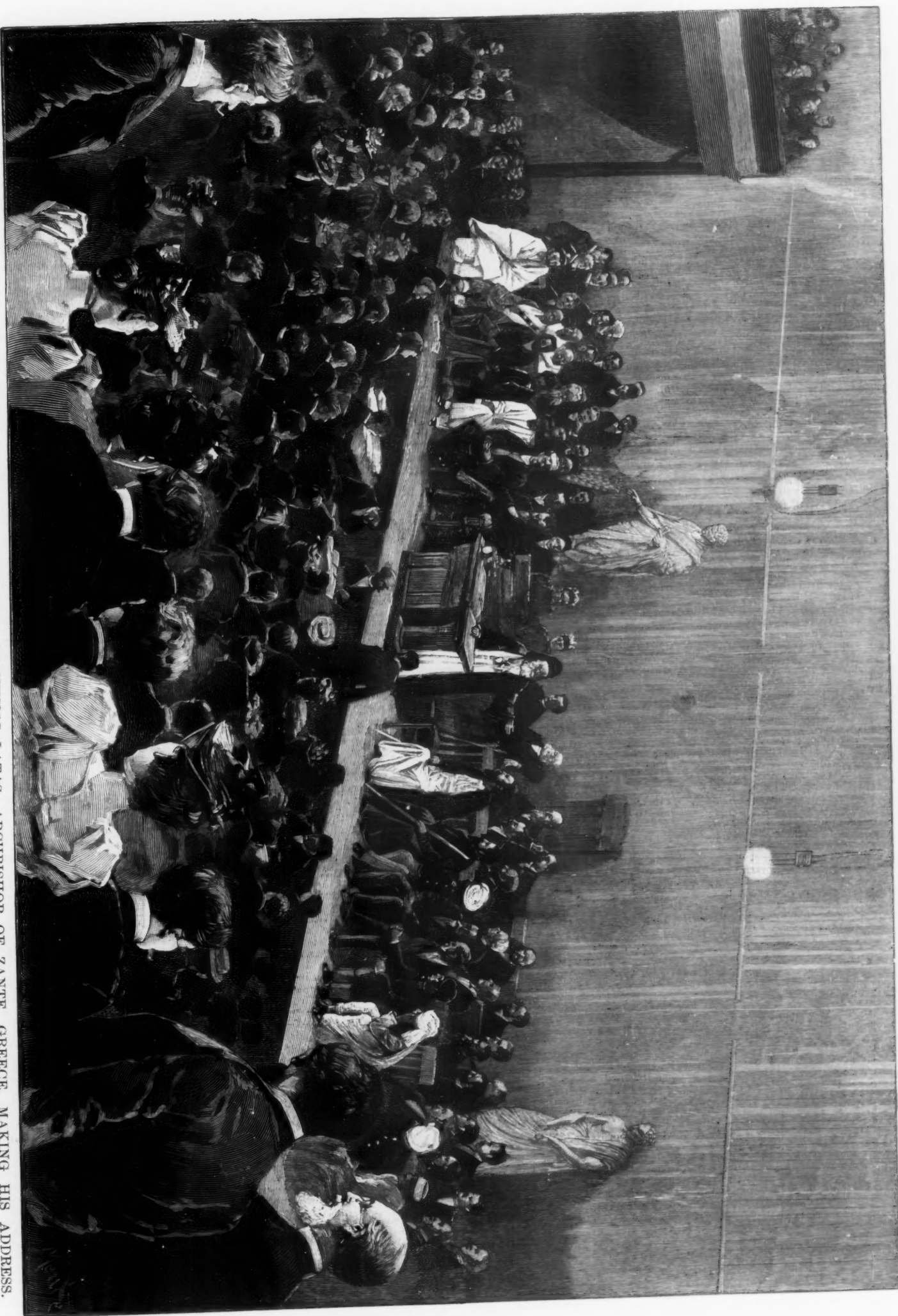
Some of Miss Johnson's poems are very beautiful. Once she recited in Indian costume, and as she stood in the glow of the firelight, and told with touching pathos of the wrongs of her race, our thoughts flew back to the days when these lands and mighty waters belonged to the Indians, and when campfires were lighted for other purposes than to brighten up an A. C. A. meet. But the end of all pleasant things comes at last, and the end of the camp of '93 came far too soon. It went up in a blaze of glory on Friday morning, August 25.

Thursday evening there was no sign that the end was near—we had a jolly campfire as usual. But very early on Friday morning the canoeists arose. Tents were pulled down, boxes packed, camp furniture tied together, canoes done up in canvas and the wharf crowded with duffel, which soon was shipped on board the steamers bound for Clayton or Kingston. Then with many warm handshakes and many promises to be at the meet of '94, the canoeists bade farewell to camp life and started on their homeward journey.—(See page 13.)

A. M. S.







PARLIAMENT OF WORLD'S RELIGIONS AT CHICAGO—THE MOST REV. DIONYSIOS LATAS, ARCHBISHOP OF ZANTE, GREECE, MAKING HIS ADDRESS.  
(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by C. MERTLE.)



SOME recent cases of poisoning and death, as a result of eating mushrooms, or what were called so, have revived that curious alarm and panic which even habitual mushroom-eaters sometimes allow themselves to feel when disasters of this kind occur. There is nothing connected with the subject of food and diet as to which there prevails so widespread and so inexcusable an ignorance as this concerning mushrooms. It is the purpose of the present article to diffuse knowledge and allay groundless panic; in doing which we may as well begin with the undeniable statement that not only is it safe to eat mushrooms, but that there are many fungi of a like nature, commonly called "toadstools" and regarded as noxious, which make equally safe and savory eating. Various persons have compiled lists of these, from actual and long-continued experience, which include from forty to sixty varieties that are all edible and wholesome, though popularly but erroneously looked upon as dangerous and fearful.

In the British Islands there are eleven hundred species of gill-bearing fungi of the mushroom type; and most likely there are as many in the United States; yet very few of them are known to be harmful. Competent authorities say that, out of any list of one hundred species taken at random, not more than six will be found deleterious.

Poisonous fungi do exist; but it is perfectly easy to avoid them. Potatoes, tomatoes and cayenne pepper all belong to the nightshade family, which includes many poisonous plants. But no one thinks of getting into a panic on that account; nor do people, because they can consume potatoes and tomatoes with impunity, run foolish risks by trying to eat plants of the same order, which happen to be poisonous.

Very rarely it has been discovered that a person, now and then, is so constituted that even a small piece of mushroom taken into his stomach will produce symptoms of poisoning. But so, too, there are other persons to whom strawberries are poisonous. This is due to individual constitution, not to the plant or the fruit. The proportion of individuals so constituted is perhaps about the same in each of these cases, and extremely small in both. Again, people may be made very ill, or possibly may be killed, by eating stale mushrooms which, in beginning to decay, have undergone serious chemical change. But this is also true of stale fish, rotten fruit and bad meat, quantities of which are all the time being seized and destroyed by our health officers.

Keeping in mind these exceptions, which are also applicable to other articles of food, we may say without hesitation that there is no more danger from eating mushrooms than there is from fish and fruit.

The human race has proved this by making mushrooms, as well as kindred fungi, a staple element of diet, during many centuries and in many lands; besides holding them in regard as a choice luxury of the table. In the Talmudical Treatises it is related that "the people went out into the fields and gathered for themselves fungi and boleti." Boleti—the name is derived from a Greek word meaning "clod"—are a kind of fungus which was especially prized by the ancient Romans, who used a particular sort of earthen vessels, called *boletaria*, in which to cook them. Instead of gills or fleshy ribs under the spreading cap of the plant—such as mushrooms have—the boletus shows, underneath, a flat surface punctured with little holes such as might be made with a pin-point. So highly valued were the boleti, that a Latin poet declared it unsafe to send them by a messenger, even though you could trust him with silver and gold:

"Silver and gold, the mantle and toga you safely may send;  
But the boletus rich is hard indeed to convey."

Pliny has recorded some directions for the cooking of fungi, "because," he says, "this is the only food which dainty voluptuaries themselves prepare with their own hands, using amber knives and silver service." In modern times they continue to be used not only by epicures but also by the people generally, in immense quantities, in Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland; in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, and in the United States. Here, in our country, various kinds are relished which do not find favor in Europe; and Dr. Curtis declares that we have one hundred and thirty excellent species. Many of them proved very serviceable to the people of the Southern States, during the Civil War, when other means of subsistence were scarce.

On the slopes of the Himalayas fungi are extensively eaten. Dried morels (a kind of mushroom said to spring up where outdoor fires have been built) are sold as a regular article of diet in the bazaars of Northwestern India and in the Malay Peninsula. They are also imported in China and Japan, for soup; and in Japan the "hedgehog mushroom" or *hydnum*, eaten either fresh or dried, is an article of trade. Ralph Waldo Emerson, by the way, in his poem on the Adirondacks, speaks of finding around the lakes there

"Hymnum and *hydnum*, mushroom, sponge and moss."

At the southern extremity of the American continent, in Tierra del Fuego, the natives live almost entirely on fish and on a kind of morel, which grows on beech trees and is known as "summer fruit." In Northern Africa, imported and domestic species are utilized; and in Southern Africa both "the parusol" and "the common mushroom" are great favorites among Europeans as well as



WILLIAM B. HORNBLOWER,  
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

among the native tribes. In New Zealand and Tahiti, also, many fungi are consumed; and one sort—thin, gelatinous, brown-topped and saucer-shaped—known as "Jews' ears" is exported from these countries to China, in immense quantities.

These facts are sufficient to show that the humble mushroom, with its congeners, girdles the earth, and is and has been appreciated and cheerfully devoured by all races and peoples for a long period of time. No one who is reduced to starvation and can get out into the country at the right time of year, when showers are followed by sunshine, and mushrooms and other fungi are springing up all around him in the twinkling of an eye, need hesitate a moment as to choice between eating his old boots or the fresh, succulent food which Nature provides for him so abundantly from the sod. Mushrooms are also the easiest possible things to cook. They are good raw, with a sprinkling of salt; and all they require for cooking is a little salt and pepper, with butter, if it can be had. They furnish their own delicious juice, in the process of stewing or baking.

As to other kinds of fungi, it may be said that those who do not know all about them, or have not had them pointed out by an experienced person, should let them entirely alone. But it has been truly said that "It is as easy to learn to distinguish one edible species from another as it is to know a partridge from a sea-gull; and yet the latter process requires no man to be an ornithologist." A friend of mine astonished me, lately, by speaking of having just eaten a "puff-ball"—a large kind of fungus growing in the earth—and disclosing that it was quite a common thing for him to do. I have gathered and eaten a great many mushrooms; but, although the puff-ball is set down in books as edible, I always passed it by, because I never before had known any one who had actually tested and found it salubrious. This, in fact, is the safest rule, and should be held to invariably by all fungus-gatherers.

The puff-ball, at a little distance in the grass, will sometimes look a little like an extraordinarily large mushroom, because it has something of the same delicate brown color on top. But it is wholly different in form and structure, has neither cap nor stem, but consists of one large mass, narrow at the base where it rests in the earth, and swelling gradually outward toward the top. There need not be the slightest confusion, therefore, between it and the mushroom. If any one wishes to experiment with the puff-ball—which, I am told, is both harmless and appetizing—he must remember that it should never be eaten except when it is young and the light, spongy flesh of it perfectly white. If the flesh has turned the least bit yellow it should be discarded.

Now, as to the simple, genuine mushroom, let me give here a few rules by which it can easily and surely be identified:

1. The two best-known kinds are the Common Mushroom and the Meadow Mushroom, also called Horse Mushroom. (There are two other varieties, less abundant and less familiar, which, for simplicity's sake, we will omit.)

2. The true mushroom, either Common or Horse, grows always among short grass, generally on pasture land, but also in open spaces of lawn or park and by the roadside.

3. It consists of two parts—a stem and a smooth cap—and a distinguishing feature of the plant is that the short, thick stem is not firmly attached to the cap, but separates readily from it, often dropping off by itself when the mushroom is picked.

4. When the mushroom first sprouts up through the mold both stem and cap are of a creamy whiteness, and of a texture like that of a kid glove. In this stage it is called a "button" (from the French word *bouton*, meaning both "button" and "bud"). While it remains a button the cap is turned down at the edges, close over the top of the stem. But if you break away a bit of the cap you will see on the under side those "gills," of a delicate shelly pink, or, at first, almost white, which are another distinguishing mark of the mushroom.

5. The gills are numerous thin, fleshy ribs or partitions, radiating from the center to circumference of the under side of the cap. In the button they at first seem to be held to the stem by a thin frill or collar, which soon falls away. The gills are not really attached to the stem itself, which is merely fitted into a sort of socket, and, as mentioned above, easily parts from the cap.

6. The smell of the mushroom is also distinct and un-

mistakable. It is like that of new meal, blended with something nutty—a fresh, earthy, wholesome odor which, once learned, cannot be forgotten or confounded with any other.

7. The skin of the cap, in true mushrooms, can always be pulled up with a knife or finger-nail and peeled off nearly to the apex, in strips, without disturbing the substance of the cap; whereas in most other fungi you cannot separate the skin from the flesh.

8. Mushrooms spring up quickly, in a night, but they continue their growth for a day or two and remain good that length of time. After passing the "button" stage, in the first few hours, the cap expands and flattens. From being white on top, it assumes first a delicate brown tinge, like that which a hot iron makes when touched lightly on linen. This tint rapidly deepens to a dull earthy brown and then, in a couple of days, to black; after which the plant is not fit for food. At the same time that the cap is changing color on top, the gills underneath change from whitish pink to a dark purple brown. When they, too, become black or dark ashy gray, it is a sign that the mushroom is no longer worth picking.

9. To be good, a mushroom should always show gills that are either pink or purple brown, and a cap of lightish brown, with always a sweet and wholesome mushroom perfume.

10. Never use a mushroom with a dark-brown cap, even though it passes muster in all other respects; because it has sometimes happened that isolated specimens having this peculiarity proved untrustworthy.

11. The Horse Mushroom is larger and more pungent than the Common, having sometimes a cap of considerable diameter (ten or twelve inches), while the Common seldom spreads more than four inches wide, and even in that size is hardly desirable. The gills of the Horse Mushroom are not at first pink, but dirty white. Therefore, to avoid confusion or error, one may as well rule out the Horse Mushroom, although it is a favorite in France.

With a little observation, it is the simplest thing in the world to distinguish the real mushroom of either kind. Hence, in most cases of supposed mushroom poisoning, recklessness or ignorance must be to blame, or else the plant must have been eaten when old and decayed. An English writer, Dr. M. C. Cooke, to illustrate the case of recklessness, cites a cartoon published in a comic paper, in which a buxom young woman was represented as returning home with a basket of fungi and meeting the squire, who said to her: "You can't be too particular—dangerous things, mushrooms!" Whereupon she replied: "It doesn't much matter; they're only for my mother-in-law."

Those who do not take this nonchalant view of their responsibilities should first learn to distinguish the true mushroom, which they can easily do by the rules I have given. They may also, if they wish to be doubly secure, observe the following

#### PRECAUTIONS.

1. When in doubt about a specimen, discard.
2. Always cook and eat your mushrooms while they are fresh; a few hours, rather than a day, after picking.
3. If you wish to apply still another test, before eating, pull off the caps of what you have gathered—or cut them off close to the stem; then lay them, gills downward, on a piece of paper and leave them a few hours or over night. The gills are covered with minute "spores" or seeds; and these will gradually fall upon the paper. The fine seed-dust so deposited will always be a dark purple brown, if the fungus you have gathered is the Common Mushroom.

It may be added here, with regard to the cultivated mushroom, that it has sometimes been known to undergo a change, owing to unfavorable or improper conditions of cultivation, which has rendered it poisonous. But so rarely has this happened that the chance of danger from it is probably not so great as that of fatal disease being imparted by pork or milk.

Large Parsons Lathrop.

#### OUR NEXT NOVEL.

MISS EDITH KENYON's new story, "A Poor Relation," will be issued with the next number of ONCE A WEEK. To all who love a clean though clever plot, neat pictures of English country life and of real English flesh and blood, this story will prove a veritable *bonne bouche*. The perplexities of a fine old family brought from affluence to almost poverty, the struggles of each member in his or her peculiar mode to keep up appearances and the development of the good and evil qualities of certain of the characters are managed with rare tact and judgment. The elder brother is not by any means a rare outgrowth of British gentility any more than is the sterling old uncle, who turns up just in the nick of time for everybody's good.

THE World's Fair is to close October 31. The committee estimate that a surplus of five hundred thousand dollars will remain November 1, to apply on the eleven million dollars stocks and bonds of the city of Chicago. Now, California is to have a mid-winter exposition, and New York is to have an exposition in the Grand Central Palace in a few weeks. World's Fair exhibitors will have a chance to let Eastern and real, out-and-out, far-distant Western home people see what they have to show. Chicago has had a good, long, square and sufficient inning. Let the World's Fair, like all good shows, take the road after November 1. Perhaps St. Paul and Minneapolis, in the North, or New Orleans or Atlanta, in the South, would like to look the great show over amid home surroundings. Here is a royal chance for the prize-winners, and those who think they should have been prize-winners—and also for the piano men whose music was not heard at Chicago.



# COSTLY JEWELS AND THEIR OWNERS.

BY J. LAIRD WILSON.

HERE is probably no country in which the passion for personal adornment is more strongly developed than in these United States. Time was—and that not so long ago—when jewelry of a costly kind was but rarely seen on this side of the Atlantic. When seen it was generally becoming, because it set off cultured beauty. It was confined to the one sex. Of late years, however, there has been a marked change. Jewelry has become common—so common that the brilliants have ceased to dazzle or astonish. On great occasions the display of jewelry made by American ladies is not surpassed in the highest circles and the most famous reunions in Europe. In London and Paris, American beauty is as marked, by costly adornment, as that of the proudest and most ancient aristocracy; and in those centers no visitors are made more welcome by the great dealers than American ladies and their escorts.

The passion for adornment, especially on the part of the fair sex, is as old as the race—at least, as the means and the opportunity; and its indulgence has always accompanied and been more or less proportioned to growing wealth. Among the bridal presents at the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca were "jewels of silver and jewels of gold." The ladies of ancient Egypt prided themselves on their jewelry; and the Jewish maidens, during the period of their bondage, were not ignorant of its value and its power. On the eve of their departure they borrowed from their Egyptian neighbors "jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment." The Phœnicians, equally with the Egyptians, were skilled in the jeweler's art; and discoveries have been made showing that the Etruscans were hardly behind the Egyptians or Phœnicians. Precious metals and precious stones were early associated. Of the priestly opod and breastplate among the Jews, precious stones were a conspicuous feature. With the discovery of the art of engraving intagli and signets became common. A signet made of jasper—which belonged to Amenophis II., about 1450 before Christ—has been preserved to us. The Greek scholar well remembers the rings of Helen and Ulysses; and he will not forget that it was by his engraved ring that Orestes was recognized as the son of Agamemnon. The great men of Rome had their costly signet rings; and the devices were sometimes as singular as they were opposite—constituting a sort of patent of nobility. The device of Scipio Africanus was a head of Syphax; that of Sulla was the submission of Jugurtha; that of Pompey was a lion carrying a sword; while that of Julius Cæsar was Venus armed with a dart. While wealth was abundant extravagance in the direction indicated knew no bounds. Mithridates, we are told, had a sword, the scabbard of which was valued at four hundred talents—about thirty-eight thousand dollars. Julius Cæsar made a present to Servilia, the mother of Brutus, of a pearl worth two hundred and forty thousand dollars. The pearl which Cleopatra is said to have swallowed, at a feast given to Antony, has been estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. Lottia Paulina, wife of Caligula, in the shape of pearls, diamonds and other ornaments, possessed jewelry of the value of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

The original home of jewelry, especially in its more costly forms, was the East. As the tide of empire has kept moving westward, carrying with it power and wealth, so has everything which goes to constitute costly personal adornment—the gold, the silver, the diamond, the emerald, the ruby and the other precious stones, with their fine raiment. Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Italian republics, the West and the Southwest of Europe have followed each other in succession; and now the tide has reached these shores.

Before giving any account of our domestic treasures, in the shape of jewelry, it may be interesting to the reader to take a glance with us at some of the treasures of the Old World. It can only be a glance. What are called the great stones are numerous—about seventy in all—and range in value from thirty to sixteen hundred and eighty carats. The value, of course, is not always determined by the weight. Some of the smaller diamonds are of immense value because of their flawlessness and of their purity. Of the larger stones I will mention only a few. The Braganza claims the first place, because it is the largest in existence, and indeed the largest ever known. It is, or was, very recently uncut. In the uncut state, the weight is given at sixteen hundred and eighty carats, or twelve ounces. It is of a slightly yellowish color, and its value has been variously estimated, the lowest figure being about thirty millions of dollars. Found in Brazil toward the close of last century, it was transferred to Lisbon, where it is understood to have a place among the crown jewels. Another highly costly diamond is the Matan, a stone which has never seen any part of the West. Found in Borneo, it is still there, and is the property of the Rajah of Matan, a section of Borneo. In its uncut state it is said to be three hundred and sixty-seven carats, and is valued at two millions of dollars. It is highly prized by its owner, who hides it from vulgar gaze, and who, although offered almost fabulous sums, refuses to part with it. Among the other diamonds of great weight are the Nizam, three hundred and forty carats; the Stewart, a South African diamond, two hundred and eighty-eight carats; the Star of the South, once the property of the Empress Eugénie, one hundred and twenty-five carats, sold to an Indian prince for four hundred thousand dollars; the Jagersfontein, another South African diamond, two hundred and nine carats; the Orloff, the most remarkable of the great Russian diamonds, identified with a famous intrigue, of which Count Orloff and the Empress Catherine were the principals, one hundred and ninety-three carats, cut, of great value and highly prized; the Kohinoor, whose history and value are so well

known; the Pitt or Regent, and among the rest which there is not space even to name, the Porter-Rhodes, another of the very large South African diamonds. Scarcely one of these stones but has a special and interesting history.

Interest attaches to the crown jewels of the different countries. The crown jewels of England are valued at eight million five hundred thousand dollars. One diamond, in the midst of which is set the Kohinoor, is valued at three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Another, in which diamonds and emeralds are blended, and in the center of which is the large Kandavassy, is valued at six hundred thousand dollars. The Kandavassy, it is claimed, was once the eye of a one-eyed Indian deity. The crown of England proper is valued at six hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The crown jewels of France were once of immense value, but they have been greatly scattered. After the fall of the Second Empire the Government disposed of the larger part of the collection, some of the most valuable stones finding their way to this country; and the jewels of Eugénie, sold in London in one hundred lots, brought two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one diamond ring realizing two thousand dollars. Russia has a superb collection, in which, as has been mentioned, is the Orloff. The Austrian crown jewels are numerous, one of the most highly prized being the famous Austrian Yellow, one hundred and thirty-nine and one-half carats. The Sultan also has a large and varied assortment of jewels. But all the collections are outdistanced by that of the Shah of Persia, which is said to range in value from forty to fifty million sterling. Spain has still a costly collection, although Isabella, it will be remembered, took with her and sold in Paris jewelry amounting in value to two million sterling. Space must be provided here for a reference to the jewelry of the Vatican. Not to dwell on articles of inferior interest, there is the tiara, gifted by Napoleon the First. It is doubted by some whether this tiara is still intact. It had for its apex an emerald worth sixteen thousand francs. Isabella of Spain made a gift of another tiara, in 1855, worth fifty thousand dollars. Pio Nono had previously complained of the weight of his predecessor's crown, and had one made to suit himself.

It is really astonishing how much jewelry is coming year after year to this country. Ten years ago one hundred thousand dollars would have been reckoned a large investment in diamonds. To-day there are many single families whose investments exceed half a million. In the twelve years preceding 1890 diamonds were imported to the value of one hundred million dollars. When the French crown jewels were sold several Mazarins came to this country. Of these, one weighed twenty-five carats and brought four hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars. Another, a ruby, brought three hundred and thirty thousand dollars. One stone of another collection recently changed hands at the figure of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Stones ranging from twelve to thirty thousand dollars are not uncommon. There is at least one pair of earrings in New York worth seventy-five thousand dollars. There are pearl necklaces ranging from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. Tiffany's famous diamond, one hundred and twenty-five carats is valued at one hundred thousand dollars. It has been stated on good authority that Mrs. Mackay owns in the shape of jewelry, in various forms and combinations, one million dollars' worth. This puts some European royalties completely in the shade. When not in use, this jewelry is placed in an iron box and taken to the bank or other suitable place of safety. Mrs. Bell of California, with her stomacher and chatelain of nine hundred and seventy-three diamonds and her necklace of two hundred and forty diamonds, is hardly distanced by the wife of the Bonanza King. Mrs. Paran Stevens owns precious stones to the value of ninety thousand dollars. Mrs. Belmont comes near her with her treasure worth seventy-five thousand dollars. Among the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Havemeyers and the Lorillards there are no doubt many costly gems; but they do not make displays in this direction. Some of our theatrical ladies have, by most honorable means, made highly respectable accumulations. Janauscheck is said to own jewels to the value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Emma Abbott owned, in addition to other articles of jewelry, a diamond necklace worth twenty-five thousand dollars. Minnie Hauk has some magnificent diamonds.

Precious stones have their associations with modern men as well as with modern women. Lord Beaconsfield's Star of the Garter contained three hundred and ninety stones. Broken up after his death, they were reset and sold as mementoes. The Star survives in fragments among the members of the Primrose League. In the last quarter of a century New York has owned two of the most peculiarly notorious men whom this country has produced—Bill Tweed and Jim Fiske. Both had a weakness for the sparkling diamond. Tweed wore a diamond on his breast variously valued. It was showy; and being flat and thin, it looked much larger than it really was. It shared the worship which was long given to its owner. Once the property of Isabella of Spain, it is now, according to report, the property of a miner in Salt Lake City. Fiske boasted the largest diamond in America. It was seldom left behind him when he undertook his ostentatious and voluptuous drives through Central Park. After his death the gaudy jewel passed into the hands of S. L. M. Barlow.

It will be observed by the reader that the very large diamonds have not yet found their way to this country. But they will come in time. Taking it for granted that the demand for jewelry will keep pace with the growth and increasing wealth of the human family, the question is, naturally, where are the supplies to be obtained? The question is the more pertinent that the old diamond fields of Asia seem to be exhausted. South Africa seems to meet the requirements of the case. The new fields in that region are apparently inexhaustible. Other fields also may be discovered. There is thus but small reason to fear that the supply will fail for generations yet to come. Taste may change; the passion for adornment may take new directions; but the presumption is that the glittering diamond will hold its place as the prince of precious stones until the end of time.

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer  
Acts as a bracer—trial bottle 10 cts.



E. D. MORGAN. C. O. ISELIN.  
TWO OF THE OWNERS OF THE YACHT "VIGILANT."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Revolution which was so suddenly precipitated upon Rio Janeiro threatens to extend throughout Brazil. It is peculiar in having been inaugurated by the Navy—quite an exceptional instance in the history of revolutions. The illustrations of scenes in and about Rio, with the naval fleet and a portrait of President Peixotto, will assist the reader in comprehending a movement which may result in avenging the act by which the Emperor Dom Pedro lost his throne.

Lord Dunraven's name will be in everybody's mouth from this time on until the close of the Queen's Cup races, and an account of him will be found on another page. Portraits of Mr. Watson, the designer of the *Valkyrie*, and of Messrs. Morgan and Iselin, part owners of the *Vigilant*, are also presented in this issue of ONCE A WEEK.

One of the most remarkable events of the century is the assembly, in the Art Palace of the World's Fair at Chicago, of the "Parliament of Religions," a view of which will be found on page 9. This great gathering might almost symbolize the Millennium; certainly no similar occurrence has ever been chronicled, and the picturesque scene, with its diversity of race, costume and faith, is certainly one of the most extraordinary features of the vast Columbian celebration.

The nomination by President Cleveland of William B. Hornblower of New York to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Justice Blatchford, is a compliment to the Empire State. Mr. Hornblower, whose portrait will be found elsewhere in this paper, is a distinguished member of the Bar of the metropolis, in the prime of life, being only forty-two years of age, and his appointment is viewed with universal satisfaction.

## THE DUNRAVENS AND ADARE.

THE Earl of Dunraven has all his life been an ardent patron of outdoor sports. From boyhood he displayed such love of ships and the sea that his intimate associates christened him "Skipper." The hunting-field, the moor and the yachting course have all claimed him for their own, and upon each has he won distinction. He has made wonderful "bags" when out after grouse or pheasant, has topped many a formidable five-barred gate when chasing the elusive Reynard across the verdant plains of Limerick, and his excellent record as a yachtsman needs only the recovery of the Queen's Cup to crown it with the ultimate laurels of the sea.

As Lord Dunraven comes here in the character of a sportsman, it seems fitting to allude in the first place to his triumphs in the great field of sports. It should not, however, be forgotten that he has been something more than a sportsman. While a lieutenant in the First Life Guards he became aide-de-camp on the staff of Lord Wodehouse, afterward Earl of Kimberley, when the latter was Viceroy of Ireland, some twenty-five years ago. He was afterward Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. As an official Dunraven was a success, but, though he occasionally speaks in the House of Lords with considerable pertinence and common sense, he does not pretend to interest himself deeply in politics.

He has had some experience as a journalist, having, during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, represented one of the great London newspapers in the field. His active and varied life seems to have agreed with him, if we are to judge from his youthful exterior, for although over fifty years of age, he might readily pass for not more than forty-three. There is every indication that his physical youth has a counterpart in his mental make-up, for those who know him best assert that he is perennially brimming over with geniality and animal spirits. Proof that the earl is not devoid of sterner qualities, nor backward in the assertion of his rights when occasion demands, may be found in the well-attested anecdote current concerning him during the past yachting season at Cowes, in England. Emperor Wilhelm of Germany was then sailing his yacht in British waters, and would seem to have carried with him the arbitrary methods he uses when coercing a German electorate or Reichstag. To these Lord Dunraven objected, and recommended the "war lord" Kaiser not to forget his manners in the assertion of his imperial rights as a yachtsman.

The Earl of Dunraven possesses both land and houses in England, but his Irish ancestral home is Adare Manor,



C. L. WATSON,  
Designer of the yacht *Valkyrie*.



ADARE MANOR, RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.



THE QUEEN'S CUP

County Limerick, Ireland, a view of which is presented on this page. The Vale of Adare is famous for its exquisite scenery, and has been celebrated in song by the Irish poet, Gerald Griffin—

"Oh sweet Adare, oh lovely Vale!  
Oh soft retreat of sylvan splendor!"

In proximity to the village stands Adare Manor, the present house having been erected about the middle of the last century by the great-grandfather of the present earl, who had quite a genius for architecture. He designed the plans and superintended the work of construction. The result was a great success save in one respect—the architect had omitted to leave sufficient space for the grand staircase—and when this defect was discovered it was found impracticable to build a staircase proportionate in its grandeur to the rest of the building. Adare Manor is in the English-Gothic style, and has four distinct fronts. That which faces the terrace, with its grassy slopes and stone balustrades, overlooks the salmon stream that winds through the wide-spreading, superbly wooded park to flow at last into the mighty seaward Shannon. Many fine sal-

mon have been landed by anglers who made their casts from the terrace parapet, and many a silvery fish has gasped his last upon the emerald sward beyond. One of the finest features of the manor is the great hall with its massive ceiling of carved timber, deep recesses and Gothic, churchlike windows, the walls hung with ancient feudal banners. The mother of the present peer was an accomplished organist, and the hall still contains the magnificent instrument upon which she used to play. Within the limits of the park can be seen the well-preserved ruins of the old Norman castle, the former residence of the Dunravens. The hoary walls that repelled shot and battering ram in the brave days of old yet sturdily resist the ravages of time. The last earl was an ardent Catholic, and restored the old chapel in the village street. His lady, being devoted to the Protestant faith, performed the same office for the local edifice of that denomination.

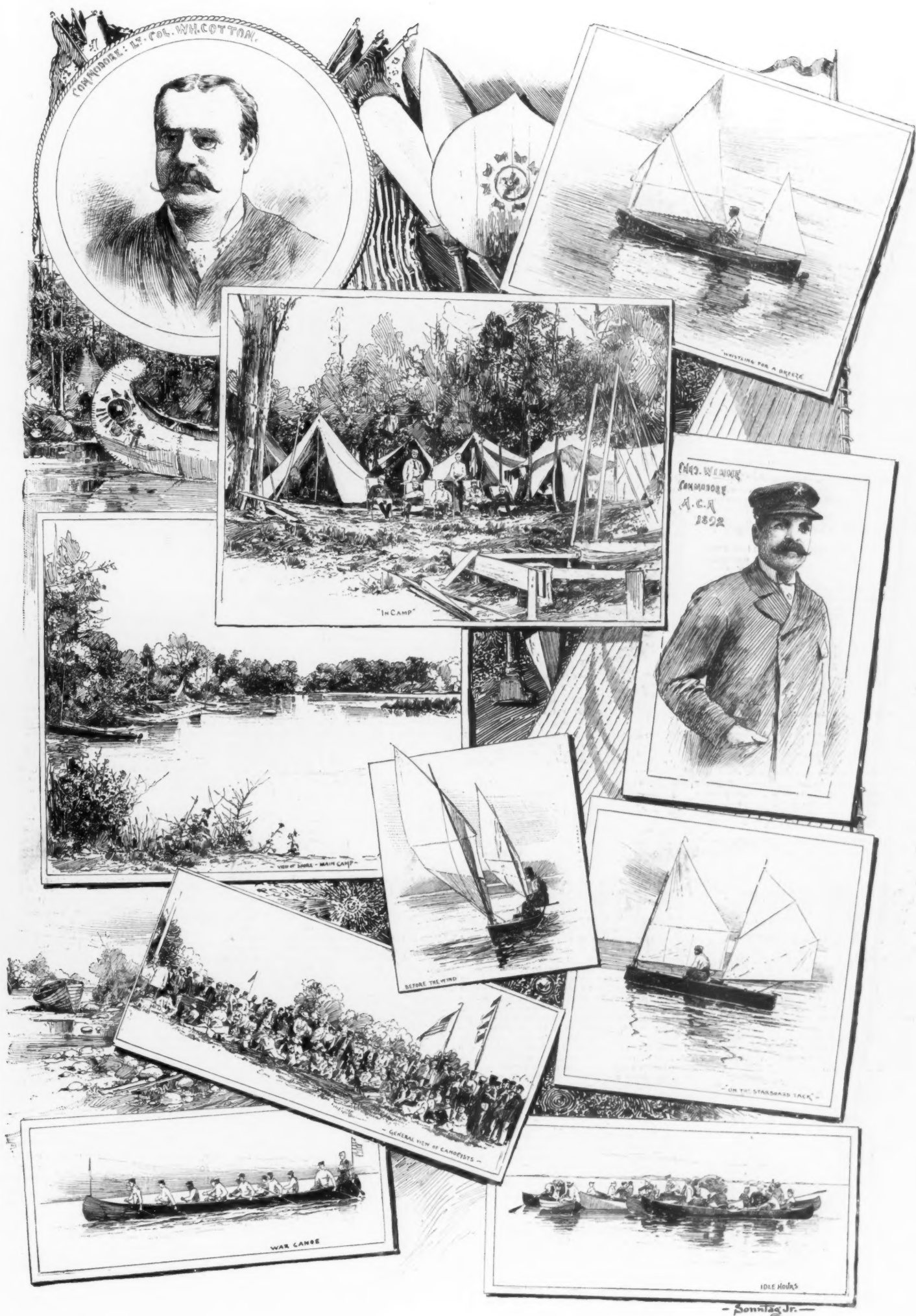
An old family like this generally produces, from time to time, more or less eccentric scions, and the story goes that the grandfather of the present sturdy sportsman was wont to nourish himself at dinner with an entire leg

of mutton. This recalls the anecdote of the gentleman who asked a hungry mortal whether he thought he could eat forty quail in forty minutes, and received the disdainful reply: "Quail, sir? Forty? Make it turkeys, and I bet I could do it." The late Lord Dunraven was an indefatigable student of antiquities, and there was not a cave or ruin in the whole countryside he had not explored or traced the history of. He left the manuscript of an unfinished work upon the Irish round towers, regarding which he had evolved many theories. This, I think, was afterward published.

The family name of the Earls of Dunraven is Wyndham-Quin. The Wyndham was acquired from the grandmother of the present peer, who was a great Welsh heiress of that name, and her death during her grandson's lifetime immensely increased his wealth, as he thus fell heir to splendid estates in Monmouthshire. The present account of Adare Manor and its master is based upon information furnished the writer by an old personal friend of the family, now residing in this country, Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert of Muckcross.

T. D.





THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION IN CANADIAN WATERS.

(See page 7.)

## WHAT TO WEAR.



UT of the bewildering number and variety of new fashions for the autumn displayed in the largest stores we have selected some of the most striking as subjects for illustration. Perhaps none of the novelties appeal to the feminine heart so strongly as the hats and bonnets. Their shapes and colors are legion, but their one avowed purpose is the adornment of beauty, and consequently there is no more common spectacle at the change of seasons than that of beauty standing before the mirror in a milliner's show-room, trying on sample after sample of these dainty confections, until at last the particular one is lighted upon which brings out "beauty's" best points to perfection. For those who have not the privilege of making a personal inspection of these tempting wares, a description may serve as a guide to the styles which will be most in vogue during the coming season.

No. 1 is a hat of black velvet, with a cleft brim faced with pink velvet. Rosettes of black satin nestle at the base of the open spaces close to the hair. A smooth black feather trimming, two inches wide, finishes the edge of the brim. The low pointed crown is of black satin trimmed with two rows of narrow jet. To the left is a rosette of black satin and two graceful Prince of Wales tips.

No. 2 is the Lillian Russell theater bonnet of black open-work jet. In front it has upright loops and ends of rose-colored velvet ribbon, with rosette at the base of the loops and a black aigrette. Two narrow bands of velvet extend from the rosette to the back, where they are finished with two other rosettes and a loop of the velvet ribbon, which is worn around the Psyche knot.

The way in which the hair is worn through this loop is the novel feature of the bonnet.

No. 3 is a hat of golden-brown felt. The brim is of plaited strips of felt, brown and green, and is turned up in front similar to the Napoleon hat introduced in the spring.

The knot of Nile-green satin and variegated Prince of Wales tips give to the hat a puffy air.

Some striking departures from last year's styles are observable in the full costumes. They are not invariably graceful or pretty, and will no doubt be considerably modified by the personal taste of the most fashionably dressed women.

No. 4 is a dress of leaf-brown cloth. The skirt, of the newest shape, has one gore in front, two wide gores at the sides (extending to the middle of the back) and four narrow gores in the back. This gives to the skirt very little fullness at the waist, but causes it to flare gracefully at the bottom. The skirt is lined throughout with haircloth. Just below the hips are three narrow bands of black Astrakhan fur. They curve gracefully from about six inches below the waist-line in the back to about twelve inches below in front.

The waist is elaborately embroidered in white silk, in all-over design. The yoke is of black Astrakhan fur. The waist is finished with a belt and three narrow circular frills. The sleeves are full, but have the drooping shoulder effect. The skirt measures about four and one-half yards around bottom and about two yards at waist.

No. 5 is a dress of navy-blue diagonal novelty cloth, interspersed with light military blue.

The shoulders are longer than they were last season, and the epaulettes trimming droops. The short, round busque has a deep circular frill, which runs into the front gore of the skirt and is finished with rows of small buttons. Four large buttons decorate the busque at the waist-line. The dress is finished with two narrow milliner folds of black moiré silk. The skirt is of the new popular shape.

No. 6 shows a dress of dull gray-green cloth. The skirt is novel. The close-fitting yoke is of Nile-green figured moiré silk; on to this is sewed a full circular skirt, plain, with the exception of a few gathers in the back.

The waist has a full gathered front of the silk. Two gathered frills form the upper part of the sleeves; and epaulettes of black moiré silk, with under ones of the light silk, both stiffly lined, remind us of our grandmothers' needle-books, both in shape and stiffness. The dress is trimmed with a narrow black gimp.



No. 7 is made of dark-green hop-sacking. The novel feature of this gown is the apron overskirt, finished with a border of black moiré silk. The skirt is full, and on either side of the middle of the back are deep graduated bands of the silk. For information received, thanks are due Lord & Taylor.



## THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, AND OF A MAN.

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six."—REVELATION, xiii, 18.

THE words of the Apostle John at Patmos are among the many indications in the Scriptures of the significant importance attached to numbers by the ancients. That the entire economy of the universe is run on a numerical basis, we learn from Pythagoras and from Plato—just as we do from Kepler. Chemical elements combine numerically—and the foliage of trees and plants follow the same inviolable rule. It would be something passing strange, then, if Man alone were exempt from this divine law.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." It was Christ who said this; and as, according to John, "666" is not only the number of a beast, but also "of a man," we have a starting-point for examination of the numerical relation of humanity to the great primeval scheme.

The object of the present paper is to direct attention to the very peculiar and interesting part that numbers play in the drama of human life, in connection with the individuals who go to make up the race. Any one who studies a biographical dictionary carefully will readily note the frequent recurrence of certain dates in the lives of prominent personages.

But a little reflection and attention will also show a similar condition in the lives of all of us. How often one hears the remark: "That number haunts me." And if the reflection only induced observation it would be found that in every case a certain number recurs more frequently than any other in personal experience. The number "13" has, for various reasons, obtained special consideration, as it is by many believed to be fateful. But there human investigation would appear to have abandoned the subject. Yet it is fraught with interest, if it be not even vital with importance.

To illustrate: If any one will note and set down any number which occurs to the memory as appearing more frequently than another in the ordinary transactions and occurrences of life, there will speedily appear to be something deeper and more sure than hazard or chance in its recurrence. It will be seen either alone, or in one of its multiples, or by its factors in the number of the house or the street you live in, or in those of your relatives and closest associates. It will occur in the number of the car or carriage that bears you from one place to another; in the number of the room you occupy in a hotel, or of your berth on board a steamer or sleeping-car; it will present itself in the date of every important event of your life.

One man observes that the 15th of September never passes without "something happening," meaning that, for good or evil, that day is always charged with importance. Another has his attention directed toward the 3d or the 7th day of the week for a similar reason, or learns that a year which is divisible by 7, or 5, or 3, as the case may be, is more fruitful of disappointment or of success than any other. You are brought into curious or intimate relations with a person—only to find, at last, that he or she was born on the same day of the same month as yourself. Your seat in the theater will be 5, or 15, or 25—or 32, which added will make 5. "But," you say, "the same will occur with any number." Try it! Indeed, the mere fact that your attention is directed to 5 and not to any other number sufficiently defeats that hypothesis.

As to the number "666," which is the number "of the beast and of a man," there is nothing in Scripture, or elsewhere, which gives the slightest clue to the reason of its selection for the important place it holds in Revelation. It is true that in the Hebrew Cabala every letter has its number, but this is no explanation. The number "666" reduced to its ultimate, is 11, 11 and 1: unity. The significance of this is purely mystical. But it is in the ordinary occurrences of life that the appearance of certain numbers with special frequency is significant, and it is surprising that when so many have observed the fact it has never been made a subject of thorough investigation, whether by mathematicians or mystics.

The first question asked when this subject is made a topic of conversation is, whether a given number is "lucky" or "unlucky." Such a question is unanswerable, for the simple reason that there is no such thing as "luck"—in a universe where law is the ruling principle. The most that can be said, then, with regard to the occurrence of a certain number in connection with a certain life, is that it denotes classification, whether this be by blood, by sympathy or by a law of association.

This is little enough to know of the hidden meaning of the incident, and perhaps what is here written may be the means of drawing forth information or theory on the subject from some reader of ONCE A WEEK who has had his or her attention already directed to it because of personal experience of its strange provisions.

The question arises naturally in this connection: Is it possible to discover the "number" of any specified person by any process of reasoning or calculation from any given or available data? Perhaps this can be done. If any one can accomplish this he will be nearly in possession of the key to the mystery, and would certainly be far advanced in the knowledge of the law which governs the phenomena con-

cerned. In any event, the subject will be found to repay investigation in every instance; and any one attempting this will be surprised to find out with what ease he can discover his own "number."

FRANK H. NORTON.

ONE of the most beautiful houses in London is 18 Carlton House Terrace, owned by Mr. Astor, the American millionaire. The library is particularly handsome with its white carved woodwork and rows of white bookshelves; and there is an exquisite marble mantelpiece in the dining-room, whereon the lives of Venus and Adonis are depicted, with a boar and stag at either side. The entrance hall can only be described as grand, while all the doors and woodwork of the reception-room are a mass of exquisite carving in high relief. This house was built for the Duke of Newcastle, and was afterward inhabited by Lord Granville, and next by the Murietas. It is still unfurnished, and only lent occasionally for bazaars and concerts; but when the art upholsterer has worked his will on it, it ought to be a lovely place indeed.—John Green Winter.

THE financial stringency does not prevent some of the "unemployed" from robbing houses in broad daylight in the Twenty-fourth Ward of New York, or from holding up a Lake Shore train at Kessler, Ind., a few hours' ride east of Chicago. The floating population will take very high pay for stuffing ballot-boxes, unless they are attended to at once and sharply. The brainy criminal class is certainly growing in numbers and experience. If the Kessler train-robbers are not caught it will be a shameful victory of crime over the law. But the shrewd and capable Lake Shore Railroad detectives, assisted by the Indiana authorities, ought to be able to bring the miscreants to justice. That they should go scott free is not to be thought of.

THE beautiful white buildings of the Exposition are to be sold as junk. They are soon to be advertised and knocked down to the highest bidder. About the only thing of future use in them are the iron and steel arches and timbers. It is thought that not more than one million dollars can be realized from the auction. The most expensive buildings will probably bring the least money. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, which cost one million six hundred thousand dollars, and which has five hundred thousand dollars in arches alone, will, it is believed, be given to the man who will tear it down and carry the debris away.

THE hearing before the Ways and Means Committee continues to bring out protectionists who favor the tariff and importers who are opposed to it. Imports have fallen off to such an extent lately that the Hon. David A. Wells proposes to increase the tax on beer and tobacco in order to make up revenue sufficient to run the government economically administered. After going through a severe panic, it is not to be expected that we should buy much of anything from abroad or use much beer or tobacco at home. The best thing to do just now is to go ahead and do business, and quit patchwork legislation.

HEER MIQUEL, Prussian Minister of Finance, says the future will show that the Kaiser is even more intensely German than he appears to us at present; that the Kaiser is in touch with modern progress, and that he is, in short, a model sovereign. Heer Miquel will certainly hold down the Prussian Finances for some time.

IN Madagascar a dissatisfied husband has only to give his wife a piece of money and say, "Macam, I thank you," and according to the laws of Madagascar he is cleared straightway. In Chicago the money is given to a magistrate, the thanks are dispensed with, but otherwise the ceremonies are identical.

It will be instructive at the end of the season to compare the popularity of the trotting circuits with the running events of the big jockey clubs. Let us see if we have been neglecting our own American trotter for the purpose of booming the Old World thoroughbred.

HON. JOSEPH MARTIN, ex-Attorney-General at Winnipeg, recently occupied the chair at an address given by Mrs. Norton Law, a temperance lecturer, and in the course of his remarks came out boldly as an advocate of female suffrage in Manitoba.

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ARE MEN SELFISH?

TO the question that stands at the head of this article, ninety-nine out of a hundred women would unequivocally answer "yes." The rash hundredth who might commit herself to the opposite statement would probably be wiped out with a rain of contemptuous glances and—if happily she were of the single order—the chorused information, conveyed with the superior air which married women affect when they desire to be particularly exasperating to the unfortunate spinster—"My dear, you don't know the first thing about it!"

Possibly not. There is no denying that marital ties develop revelations of character which the heart of girl had not conceived, illustrating with a vengeance the force of the old proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Granting, however, that in the anti-nuptial state a correct estimate of the lords of creation is a moral impossibility, the writer humbly claims that as regards other than conjugal relations, looking at man, say, as a father, uncle, brother, cousin and friend, the unmarried woman and her promoted sister have equal opportunities for studying his character and passing judgment on his conduct.

The selfishness with which men en bloc are by general consent alleged to be deeply leavened displays itself variously. One of its most aggressive forms is a weakness for the pleasures of the palate, including an obstinate refusal to eat ill-cooked and unappetizing food.

Another common aspect of the vice is a curious prejudice against annoyance, discomfort, noise and small grievances generally, coupled with an incurable defect of sympathy toward wives, et al, afflicted with troubles of this nature. But these are merely the disagreeable features of selfishness not to be compared in generosity with the habit with which many men are addicted of reckless expenditure on foolish male hobbies, such as horses, cigars, clubs, books, etc., with a corresponding stinginess in the matter of millinery, boudoir decorations, summer cottages and other absolute necessities of life.

Numerous smaller ramifications of the insidious vice might be noted, but for the present it will suffice to consider its most aggressive symptoms.

Of all the aggravating forms which man's inherent selfishness is capable of assuming, that of fastidiousness at the family board is unquestionably the most unbearable. A moderate enthusiasm for the joys of cold beef and potato salad; a deep-rooted and unmovable objection to "stews," French or English; a tentative attitude to gooseberry tart; an unmitigated distrust of amateur hot biscuit; perfect and absolute density when there is question of seeing the relation between cook's shortcomings, or the steepness of market prices, and the discrepancies of the dinner bill; these are only a few of the aspects under which the hydra-headed monster of selfishness makes its appearance above the domestic horizon. Is it any wonder that the long-suffering and mother, who, rather than commit a sinful waste, partakes of the most fearful and wonderful dishes with a heroism which her husband—the brute—sets down, not without a certain sense of mild wonder, to a palate of leather and a cast-iron digestion—is it any wonder that this self-denying creature consoles herself for later twinges of the "pip," by confiding to her bosom friend that "men are all the same—horribly, incurably selfish."

The second indictment is also a heavy one. Against the home-coming of the husband and father all the daily household worries must be hidden away, children must be washed and quieted, things put in their places, hair smoothed, frock changed and face wreathed with smiles, or else!

Ye gods and little fishes! this unreasonable individual, this domestic tyrant, this monster of selfishness, unmindful of what the patient (?) wife and mother has been enduring all day, lifts up his voice in unclassical English, and as like as not, turns on his heel and retreats whither he came. Such be men. And they not only swear at actual annoyances, but they positively decline to take an interest in past ones, and are absolutely angry if you—you, the devoted mother and slave to your family—do not pursue the same policy, and, out of the depths of your despair, evolve a smile to greet them on their return from the business of the day. Nanby-pamby, nining pining stuff and nonsense!

What do married folk of ten and twelve years' standing want with sentiment and palaver and all that fudge, anyway? There are so many serious things to be considered now. But it is the hardest thing in the world to get John to take household matters seriously. He remains ridiculously imperturbable to the most harrowing recitals of your woes, says "it's too bad," in an utterly heartless tone, and irrelevantly begins to regale you with "a good thing on Jones," or an account of the latest discoveries about Mars. Of course, there is nothing to be but righteously resent his flippancy and indignantly flounce out of the room. Men are so selfish.

As to extravagance, who can sound the depth of man's iniquity? It really seems quite impossible to divest the mind of the married man of the notion that he has a right to dispose of his own income. Wild horses cannot tear that fatal delusion from his brain. After taking you, a loving, confiding girl, from your happy, comfortable home (where, between an ambitious mother and younger sisters impatient to be "out" your life, as you often tearfully confessed, wasn't worth living), the heartless wretch can go before you very eyes and squander the money you owe the dressmaker on such ridiculous fads as horses, guns, cameras,

books and other equally stupid things. Selfish to the end, the unhappy victim of the vice masculine *par excellence* cleaves to his evil bachelor ways, and neither the voice of duty nor the reproaches of a faithful wife nor the thought of his innocent children avails to open his eyes to the enormity of his offenses.

Here and there, however, one may find a shining exception to the general rule. Certain strong-minded ladies of the dauntlessly persevering order do, by dint of judicious and persistent nagging, reduce their husbands to a proper state of submission and self-obliteration. These clever women's wonderful powers are held in great awe by their weaker sisters, and are a source of secret pride and admiration to the men they have married for the express purpose of transforming them into model husbands. After a well-regulated apprenticeship, a gentleman of this school is game for the most astonishing feats of endurance. The Spartan boy is nowhere beside him. He will eat three-story jelly-cake, with smeary substance between and coconut on top, without an audible sigh or groan. He will sit for hours entranced at a recital of what Mary Jane's cousin told Mary Jane about the reason why Mrs. Highflyer never called on Mrs. Newcome, and words will fail to express his rapture when he is permitted to gaze on the splendid harvest reaped from the bargain counter and the auction-room. Selfish? No, not a little bit. This is the *rara avis* of his species. Draw near, O ye unconverted ones, and admire. But even among the unreclaimed masses there are men who, as even their wives will faintly admit, have occasionally proven themselves not utterly and irremediably selfish. Once in a blue moon, perhaps, John will give up an expedition with "the boys" in order to buy a pattern of silk he has heard praised with effusion; or make last year's overcoat do so that Angelina may take lessons in china-painting; or, perhaps, take out some ingenious little patent just at Christmas-time, so that after all the little stockings are filled there may be something left to buy a trifle of jewelry or a sealskin muff for the "old girl" herself. But, no doubt, these are mere abnormal spurts of generosity, pricks of conscience and pegs of convenience on which to hang acts of deeper selfishness for a year to come. No doubt.

And yet I hardly know how to reconcile with the theory of man's inherent selfishness some histories that have come to my knowledge, eloquent of disinterested devotion, of surpassing kindness, of sublime renunciation. I have seen fathers treading the mill of thankless daily labor until their heads grew white and their shoulders drooped in order that their wives and daughters might look fine and enjoy the good things of life, trying, from the depths of their unselfishness, to evoke an honest satisfaction in the dimly comprehended social triumphs of those they love and toil for. I have known sons and brothers—despised bachelors—who have had their dreams of happiness destroyed, who have looked with quickening hearts on the fair faces of good women, looked and longed and then turned away because of the dear old mother who must be cared for, or the helpless unmarried sisters they have sworn by a dying father's bedside, to support and cherish. And what of husbands who repeatedly and cheerfully sacrifice time, inclination and money to gratify a wife's expensive caprices, who, alas! rather than bring a cloud to the brow or wring a word of scorn from the lips they love, will throw even honor to the winds and betray the trust of an employer or a friend?

How many a wretch has been started on the road to Sing Sing and the horrors beyond its gates by a foolish and fatal determination to please a woman! *Dux femina facti* might be written over the cell of many a forger and murderer, over the grave of many a suicide. Would that these had been more selfish and they had been less guilty in the eyes of God and man.

And what of the husband who watches, with more than womanly tenderness, by the bedside of an invalid wife? and what of him who came home on such a day to find his heart deserted, and who, with a knife in his heart, took up from that bitter moment the double duties of parenthood toward his unmothered little ones? and what of him who, rudely waking from a brief dream of love and beauty, finds himself indissolubly joined to one he must evermore despise, the slave of some vile habit that slimes his life and hers and their children's with its ineradicable stain, poi-

soning all his joys and frustrating all his hopes? Men have taken up even such intolerable burdens as these and staggered under them to their graves with their secret.

And what of the lonely missionary who, by one great, grand act of heroic unselfishness, cut himself off forever from human joys and earthly gains? and the soldier, and the sailor—and the brave explorer—but why multiply instances? They are thick as the leaves of Yaldimores. He who runs may read. But there are none so blind as those who will not see; hence, women will, no doubt, go on saying as they said yesterday, and will say to-day and forever, that men are selfish.

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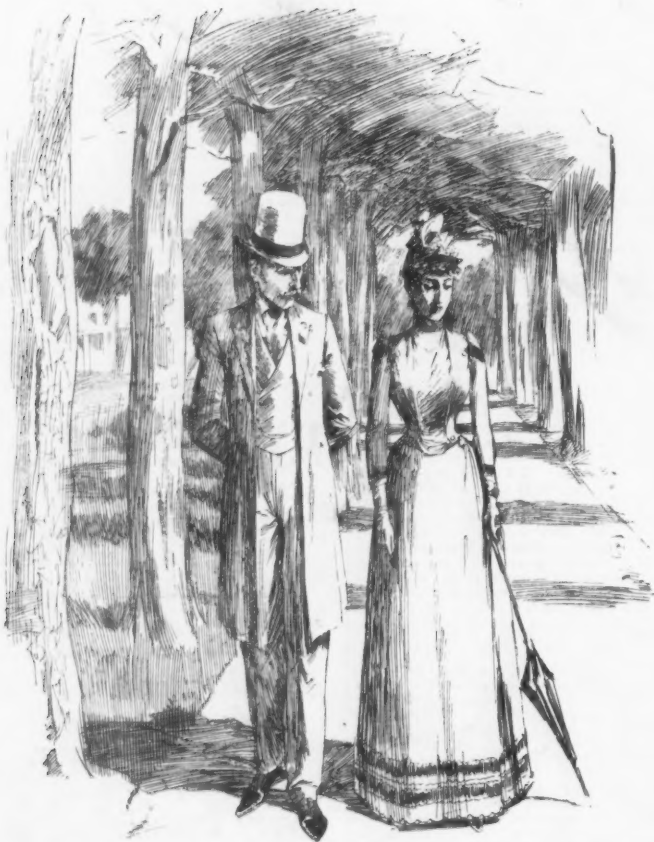
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